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APRIL 14, 1978

F. Buckley Jr. on
LADIES IN THE
FOXHOLES?

NATIONAL REVIEW

Charles Colson reviews the Haldeman book (of which Colson is the principal villain). ...Professor Raoul Berger, surveying the critics of his latest book, concludes that their quarrel is really with the Founding Fathers.... John Davenport, for one, is an admi

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"It's pretty spooky rowing around inside a supertanker in a rubber boat."

"That's me in the back of the rubber boat," says Chief Mate George McShea. "We're not rowing on oil, but on a saltwater lake in the belly of a supertanker. And it's one aspect of life on a supertanker I can't get used to.

"Sure, a supertanker is three football fields long, and twelve stories high. But after a while those are just numbers.

A lake in a cave

"This tank inspection is something else. After the tanks are cleaned and the residual oil retrieved and stored, they're flooded with seawater, and inspection crews go inside, checking structural integrity.

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Gulf

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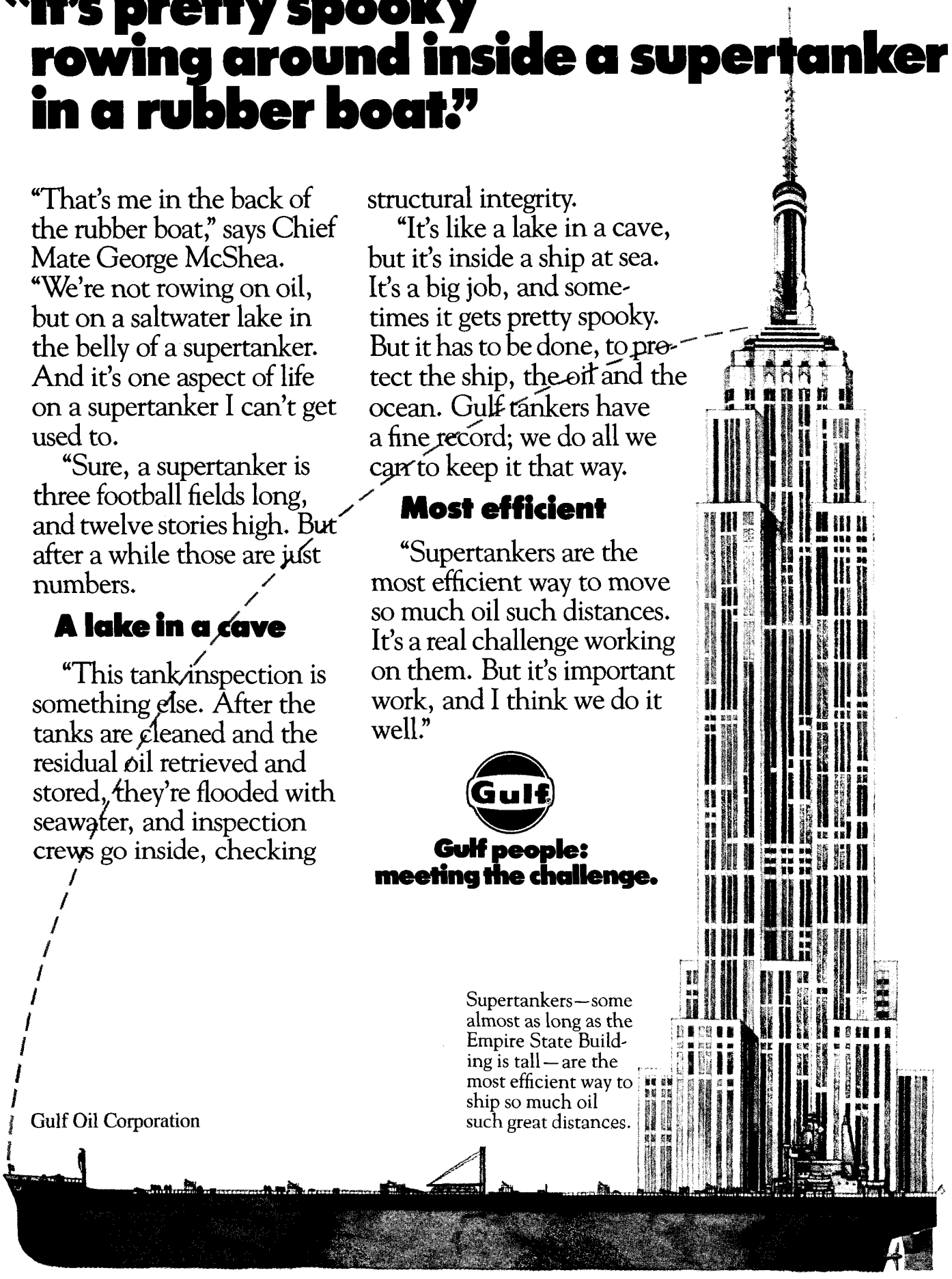

Supertankers—some almost as long as the Empire State Building is tall—are the most efficient way to ship so much oil such great distances.

Gulf Oil Corporation

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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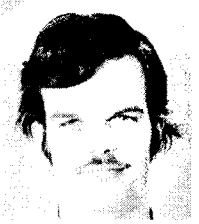

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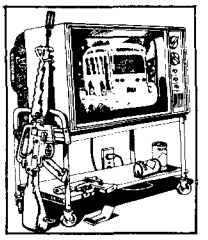

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The Communists didn't "win." They merely gained their objectives. *James Burnham*

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Being somewhat more liberal than Thomas Jefferson, Rhodesia's Prime Minister is a benighted racist-reactionary to the official voices of World Opinion, East and West. His reluctance to accept majority rule—a concept variously undefined and unqualified—has made him a devil to some, an enigma to others. But the man himself is uncomplicated, though intelligent, and dedicated to transparently civilized ideals which reasonable men, white and black, have found it easy to reconcile themselves to. Like many of Africa's best men, he has been least understood by those who should be his friends. *John Davenport*

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A jubilant coalition of royalists, republicans, and libertarians lately celebrated its silver anniversary. Many happy returns! *Richard Brookhiser*

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"The *New York Times* proclaimed in huge paid advertisements for this book: 'Finally one tells the whole truth.' If any other commercial enterprise in America were to make such a claim, the FTC and a host of federal regulators would be beating its doors down the next morning, warrants in hand." *Charles W. Colson*

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Letters

Society's Stake

Ernest van den Haag's "The Collapse of the Case against Capital Punishment" [March 31] was monumental and logically unanswerable. This is to say, you could, after reading it, continue to reject his conclusions about capital punishment—but only if you were willing to find yourself defending the position that preserving innocent lives was of less value than preserving the life of a murderer.

I had thought, actually, that Mr. van den Haag had included here every conceivable argument relevant to his subject. But after I had read his article, I happened to run across yet another argument which, although it does not refer to capital punishment *per se*, bolsters one subpoint of van den Haag's thesis, the point that murder is a crime apart. The argument I refer to is from W. H. Auden's essay on detective novels. The distinction, Auden says, between "offenses against God and one's neighbor or neighbors" and "offenses against God and society" is that in the former, "it is possible, at least theoretically, either that restitution can be made to the injured party (e.g., stolen goods can be returned), or that the injured party can forgive the criminal (e.g., in the case of rape). Consequently, society as a whole is only indirectly involved; its representatives (the police, etc.) act in the interests of the injured party.

"Murder is unique in that it abolishes the party it injures, so that society has to take the place of the victim and on his behalf demand atonement or grant forgiveness; it is the one crime in which society has a direct interest."

Belmont, Mass. GERVASE THOMSON

Noonan and the Contrapositive

Although I agree in general with the position taken by Professor Noonan in his article "New Phase in the Battle" [March 3], it is necessary to point out an error in his reasoning at one point. Noonan says that the statement "no free abortions, then segregated, second-rate schools" implies, "free abortions, then no segregated, second-rate schools." This is a logical fallacy. Basically Noonan is claiming that "not A implies B" implies "A implies not B." That is incorrect logically.

It is correct, however, that "not A implies B" implies (and in fact is logically equivalent to) "not B implies A"—or, as it would be in the words of the case at hand, "no segregated, second-rate schools" implies "free abortions." Placing the statement in its contrapositive equivalent starkly reveals it to be nonsense.

Did Justice Marshall make such an absurd statement? His judicial decisions over the past decade certainly indicate he is capable of doing so. What he means by it is unclear at best, and obviously incorrect if taken literally with appropriate quantifiers. But then Justice Marshall has never cohabited well with logic or right reason.

Lafayette, La. HENRY E. HEATHERLY

The True Republicans

In response to the review of Holmes Alexander's book *To Covet Honor: A Biography of Alexander Hamilton*, by Aram Bakshian Jr. [Feb. 17], I would like to offer some alternatives to the tired old misconceptions expressed therein.

Although he made a crucial contribution in obtaining credit and establishing the integrity of the American economy, Alexander Hamilton was much too enamored of "old money"—meaning, chiefly, the merchant class. Consequently, if left to himself, Hamilton would have instituted policies resulting in America's being tied to the British Empire in much the same way as she was before the Revolution. In contrast, Albert Gallatin, who wrote an impressive Report on Manufactures, worked much more assiduously to encourage and protect infant American industries, as well as to balance the budget.

Gallatin was no "democrat," he was a republican. (At long last, let us put the Charles Beard interpretation of the Jeffersonians to rest.) On the other hand, Hamilton's republican credentials are still dubious. A man of great integrity, he did not take republicanism seriously enough to include it among his loyalties and play by the rules of the game. I refer here especially to his behavior during 1798-1800.

Finally, my own preference is for *the* great political theorist and republican of the age, James Madison. For it is wisdom and moderation such as his that make republican government work, and beside which the boldness of a Hamilton and the passion of a Jefferson are irrelevant.

Ithaca, N.Y. ROGER G. REED

R I P

I can't say why I so appreciate the obituaries in NATIONAL REVIEW, or what if anything that fact says about American conservatives, or about your editorial staff, or about me. I'm not much of a reader of obituaries, and most publications obligingly keep them on a page I can avoid.

Maybe that's the difference. One never knows when or where in your pages some remembrance of the dead—of Maurice

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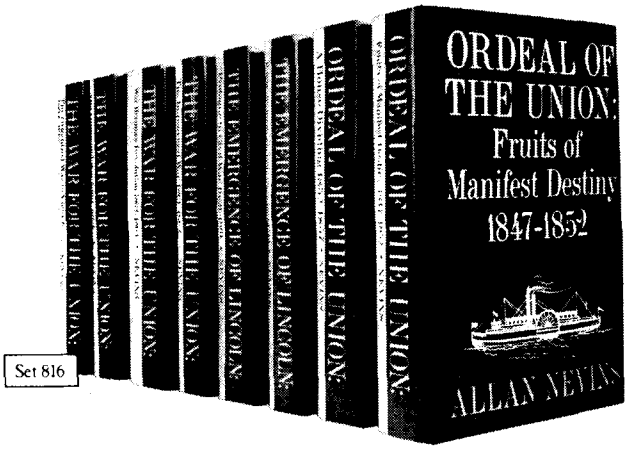
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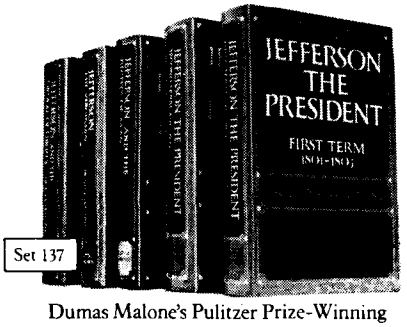

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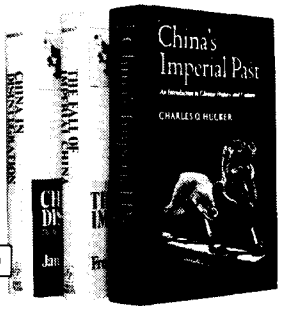

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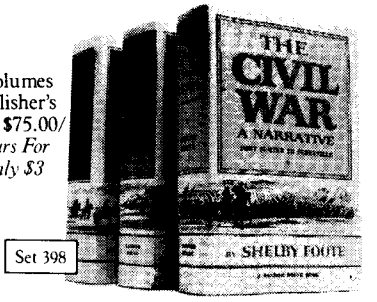

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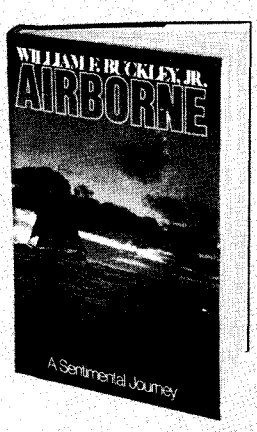

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Robinson, for example, in your March 17 issue—may suddenly interrupt the flow of other news. Your obituaries intrude, unwelcome but full of meaning, like death itself.

Or maybe there is another reason. I said I couldn't say why and I can't, not really. But one way or another, your handling of this matter, though it seems the least premeditated feature of your magazine, is also its most distinctive feature. Keep it so.

New York, N.Y. JOHN A. MILES JR.

The obituary on Robert Murphy [Feb. 3] brings memory of his intimate friendship with Pope Pius XII.

When Murphy was in Munich at the time of the beer-hall putsch, he and Bishop Pacelli were close friends. Years later, when Murphy was in Italy with the Fifth Army, he called on his old friend, now Pope. The story goes that Murphy reminded the Pope that at the time of the putsch he had been certain that Hitler was a nobody and would never be heard of again.

"Ah yes, Bob," the Pope replied, "but that was before I was infallible."

Villanova, Pa. H. RICHARD HEILMAN

Only Us Chickens

Speaking of myopic [cf. M. J. Sobran Jr.'s review of Raoul Berger's *Government by Judiciary*, March 3], allow me to share with you a viewpoint that Paul Brest (Stanford Law School) once communicated to me. When I met Paul in the early Seventies, I happened to ask him whether he thought there were any Communists among the students in the law school. He replied, "I don't think you could say there are any real Communists—a couple of Maoists, but no Communists." Since this is analogous to saying that there are no Christians in the room, only a couple of Baptists, you may see that you can expect to disagree with Brest's viewpoints quite often.

Norfolk, Va. RAYMOND R. WHITE

Demons and Dying

What is wrong with Malachi Martin?

The man wrote a very convincing book about demonic possession. At least, I was convinced that he was convinced. He writes about possession as if it were an established fact doubted only by the narrow scientific minds of the twentieth century. Then he proceeds ["Life after Death," March 17] to rip into people like Kubler-Ross and Moody for publishing their equally unprovable convictions. He denounces the results of thanatology, yet he crusades for demonology. In a swipe at someone I can only assume is Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, he says she claims that she is accompanied by a "spook": but, to him, her belief in what resuscitated patients say they experienced while clinically dead is just so much nonsense. In fact, implies Mr. Martin, it's probably more tricks by the clever little demons.

Given a choice, I'd stick with Kubler-Ross and Moody. At least theirs is a benign theory that may bring some little comfort to the dying.

Mr. Martin's theory just plain scares the hell out of me. Pun intended.

Charleston, S.C. BARBARA ANDERSON

On the 'Right' to a Job

M. Stanton Evans' vision of the prospect of "Push-Button Unionism" [March 17] is, of course, alarming. However, S-1883 is nothing more than an inevitable by-product of the deviation of trade unions from their legitimate and fundamental *raisons d'être*.

Our unions were founded on simple principles of fairness and humanity. Enlightened conservatives would have been the last to object when a union intervened against real mistreatment of employees by employers. Nor should we bridle at the concept of "a decent living wage."

However, there are now, among many workers and union officials, signs of a sinister deviation from competition to dispossession. Illogically, the same folk who find the Right to Work so objectionable now embrace something called the Right to a Job. If the former is relatively abstract and unimportant (because of workplace politics), the latter is a very dangerous fallacy. A job is property, and there is no right to *own* property. Everyone has a right to *buy* property in the marketplace, but the success of any such transaction is beyond the realm of state-protected rights. If you can't sell yourself, you won't be bought.

The concept of vested rights in jobs seems to be most current among government workers at all levels. However, it now appears to be gaining acceptance in the private sector. There, it is a euphemism for communism, and the free market should reject it as the body rejects an alien organ.

Sorry my observations are not more cheerful, but they really can't be. I am directly involved in one such unpleasantness just now and can call the grim game right.

Alexandria, Va. TOM ROBINSON

O Jerusalem

In regard to Harold O. J. Brown and those who signed the newspaper advertisement approving of active United States involvement in the Middle East ["Letters," March 3], it must be understood that they base their stand largely on certain Biblical prophecies concerning Palestine. The interventionists place these events in the future. But many evangelical scholars, no less loyal to the validity of the Bible record, hold that such prophecies have al-

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To a few men in each generation is offered the gift of clear fiscal wisdom. One of these men is C. V. Myers, editor of the respected financial advisory, *Myers' Finance & Energy.*

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Mr. Myers has read the signs. He sees the current era of inflation coming to an end . . . with a bang. What will happen to business? Savings? Investments? The social fabric? And what can the individual do to protect himself and his family when the banks are shuttered and hungry mobs roam the streets?

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No arcane language here. No weird theories. This is a battle-hardened veteran talking to rookies, giving them the benefit of his experience, showing them how to use the tools they need to survive.

The objectives are security and peace of mind, but the terrain—though outwardly peaceful — is mined with booby traps. Mr. Myers guides the reader past each one: the gold-exchange standard, special drawing rights, multinational inflation, the Federal Reserve, the manic behavior of the stock market.

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What can you do about it? "Recognize that you can do nothing more than look after yourself and yours." No namby-pamby suggestions here. The advice is rough and tough, often unsettling to those used to The Good Life. What to do with your cash. What to do with your investments. What skills and crafts you must develop.

When push comes to shove, and shove becomes crunch, some will still sit back and hope for the best. They could starve. The Seventh Cavalry will not rescue them. Others—the fortunate readers of *The Coming Deflation* — should survive. They may even prosper.

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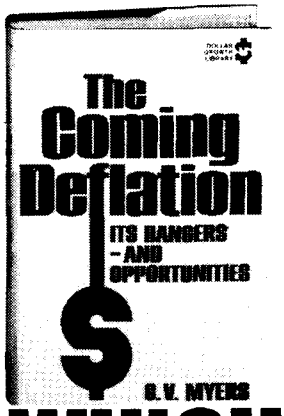

WHICH IS IT GOING TO BE, MORE INFLATION —OR A DEVASTATING DEFLATION?

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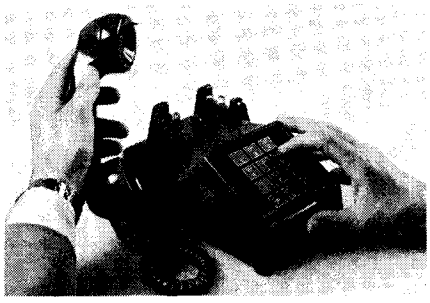

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ready been fulfilled in the past, notably in the Assyrian and Babylonian captivities and their aftermath.

There is a great difference between the Biblical prophecies themselves and the human interpretation—the latter obviously subject to the vagaries of our finite minds. Hence the fact that many evangelicals are understandably disturbed at seeing the futurist eschatology advanced as a basis for a national policy which might indeed (as Mr. Brown himself suggests) lead to another "struggle of global dimensions." Incidentally, many of the early Church Fathers rejected the futurist interpretations, as did Calvin, Luther, Zwingli, and Wesley.

Sea Cliff, N.Y. G. J. WEISS

Inter Oves Locum Praesta . . .

Please thank Daniel Oliver for his account of the consecration of four bishops in the Anglican Church of North America ["Feeding the Sheep," March 3], and thank you for publishing it.

I was in Denver for the consecration as were seven others from our Church, including Father Gatling. It was not until I read the article in NATIONAL REVIEW, however, that I really knew what happened there, and I have shown the article to seven or eight people already.

Father Gatling had been such an effective teacher during his twenty years at Good Shepherd Episcopal Church, so faithful to God's word in counseling, that "those who had ears to hear" felt no qualms about leaving the Episcopal Church. The vote was about 104 (leaving) to 48. We have a rented piece of property with a Church building with pews that seat about 150 and a house next door to it that parishioners are fixing up.

Columbia, S.C. MARTHA B. GUERARD

No Prince

My brother read *The Prince.* I objected to its un-Christian ways and means. He did not appreciate my viewpoint.

Now, when Carter should be firm, my brother objects on the basis that that would be Machiavellian; only he uses the phrase "typical extreme-Right mentality" instead.

Along comes the ever-jovial W. H. von Dreele (who I know was only kidding) to say: "He's [Carter's] hooked upon the Bible, not *The Prince*" [March 3].

Jimmy is hooked on neither. Certainly not the Bible. Witness the quotation (which, by happy chance, appears in an ad in the same issue) from John Henry Newman, who knew the Bible better than most: ". . . [our kindness] is uncharitable in two ways, indulging those who should be chastised, and preferring their comfort to those who are really deserving."

Would that America were, in regard to its defense, firmly based (hooked, if you

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The Lazy Man's Way to Riches

'Most People Are Too Busy Earning a Living to Make Any Money'

I used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks.

But I didn't start making big money until I did less—a *lot* less.

For example, this ad took about 2 hours to write. With a little luck, it should earn me 50, maybe a hundred thousand dollars.

What's more, I'm going to ask you to send me 10 dollars for something that'll cost me no more than 50 cents. And I'll try to make it so irresistible that you'd be a darned fool not to do it.

After all, why should you care if I make $9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you a most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me the 10 dollars... which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied... is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $250,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret that I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and a postage stamp. But what if I'm right?

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Here are some excerpts from unusual letters I've received:

"The results I obtained from your book were unbelievable. I studied your book for 2 solid days and nights. The third day I applied myself totally to what you had shown me. I made $16,901.92. That's great results for my first time out!"
J. J. M., Watertown, N.Y.

"Thanks to your method I'm a half-millionaire. Thanks to your method I have grossed about $500,000. Would you believe last year at this time I was a slave working for peanuts?"
G. C., Toronto, Canada

"I made $4,000 on it within 30 days."
G. J. M., San Diego, Calif.

"It is all I can do to get to the bank with one wheelbarrow! I'm just going to have to get a second one to accommodate the volume. And it's all your fault! Since December, until the present time, I have built my business from zero up to the point where some days my banking deposits are in excess of thousands. I call your book my 'bible' and it is never more than an arm's reach away from my office. Your book opened the door for me and I know it can do the same for anyone else."
D. J. A., Westminster, Calif.

"My husband Joe and I have read your book and have a beautiful El Dorado sitting in the driveway to testify to the book's validity."
Mrs. J. A. P., West Palm Beach, Fla.

"Last Monday I used what I learned on page 83 to make $7,000. It took me all week to do it, but that's not bad for five days work. That is just one example of the money I have made using the principles in the book."
M. D., Topeka, Kansas

Joe Karbo
17105 South Pacific, Dept. 591-B
Sunset Beach, California 90742

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for 30 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material—for *any* reason—within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

Name _____

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will) upon the Bible—or, God forgive me, at least on Machiavelli.

Brooklyn, N.Y. ROMANO J. FERRARO

How Much Oil?

NR arrives irregularly overseas. That is why I have only now caught up with Stephen F. Williams' article, "The Problem of Exhaustible Resources" [Nov. 25]. I do not quarrel with his conclusion that intervention is the least appropriate way to assure future supplies of energy, but I must take issue with his treatment of the optimistic and pessimistic views about the exhaustibility of petroleum.

The central fact is that the amount of petroleum in the earth is finite and therefore exhaustible. (I know Williams *says* it's an obvious fact, but he and others who have preceded him in your pages seem to prefer to believe in the sort of arguments which would have led us to believe a hundred years ago that by now the world would be waist deep in horse manure.) We will not run out, in absolute terms, for a very long time, but it is certain that the supply cannot forever meet an increasing demand.

What is most disappointing is the assumption, even though partially qualified, that the Pessimists are interventionists and the Optimists are free-marketers. It would be fairer to turn the equations around and say that interventionists tend to adopt the pessimistic view to rationalize their statism and that free-marketers tend to be optimistic.

I think you would find that most of us in the petroleum business are realists (Williams' pessimists) about exhaustibility but confident that the market mechanism is a better way than intervention to solve the problem.

London PHILIP L. ZUVANICH

The article "The Problem of Exhaustible Resources" overlooked some major points in the current debate over energy. First, it concludes that the Administration (and most liberals) still do not believe the supply/demand principle works. I submit that Jimmy Carter et al. *do* believe in the supply/demand principle and have built their energy program upon it. The main point of the Carter energy program is that they do *not* wish supply to rise.

Carter's psyche and Schlesinger's rationality lead them to a common belief: the first thing the U.S.A. needs is to be weaned away from a high energy diet, and to do this we must endure higher prices, government regulation, economic incentives, and scare tactics. This segment of the energy program is (apparently) envisioned as a one-shot "cold turkey" process, albeit lasting a decade or more. Once people and industry have broken their bad habits they will be rewarded with rising supplies once again, but that rise must not be more than 3 per cent per year.

Conservation is laudable not only on its own merits (Jimmy is right: genuine waste is a sin), it also buys us time, twenty years or so, that may mean the difference between a smooth, painless conversion away from oil and a traumatic one.

All of this is relevant to practical politics. Conservatives could be more influential in holding back the tide of government planning and interference if we would stop defending laissez-faire with textbook theories, and instead set about "moving the fence" by picking our targets from among disgraced liberal programs. E.g., the Administration plan to bankroll, through the Export-Import Bank, a gas pipeline in Mexico which will bring American consumers gas at a higher price than our domestic wells can produce—and would produce at a fair market price. Unlike oil, our true reserves of natural gas can last hundreds of years; we needn't save for the future here. No doubt a conservative congressman will cite this matter as an argument for the total deregulation of the gas industry. Rightly or wrongly, though, this approach will not be accepted by Congress.

It would be better to move that fence by advocating a rise in the ceiling price for gas—say, 10 cents per 1,000 cubic feet in any year which followed a period of significant imports of natural gas. Such an approach would be beneficial from the standpoint of consumers, employment, industrial prosperity, and conservation.

Alexandria, Va. DAN PETERS

Thoughts for April 15

In a recent issue, NATIONAL REVIEW suggested ["The Week," Feb. 3] that farmers would be wise to ask that "government cut the cost of taxes and regulation" instead of demanding parity.

As a government accountant, I find that this attitude callously disregards the plight of the accounting profession. We are being kicked around with massive reorganizations and the moral equivalent of war on red tape. There's serious talk of tax reform and simplification. Furthermore, the present value of our future earnings is threatened by accounting students who now glut our business schools (however, I find solace in Mr. Kirk's article on "illiterate collegians").

Have you no mercy?

Keep it up and someday angry men in tattered blue suits will be blocking Constitution Avenue while the American people and the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW prepare their own tax returns.

Arlington, Va. JERRY POKORSKY

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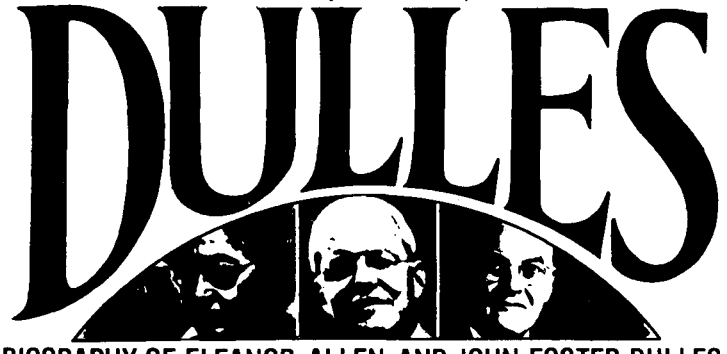

A BIOGRAPHY OF ELEANOR, ALLEN, AND JOHN FOSTER DULLES & THEIR FAMILY NETWORK BY LEONARD MOSLEY

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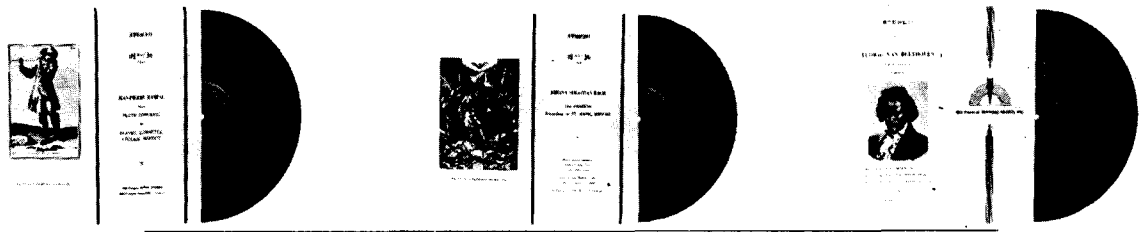

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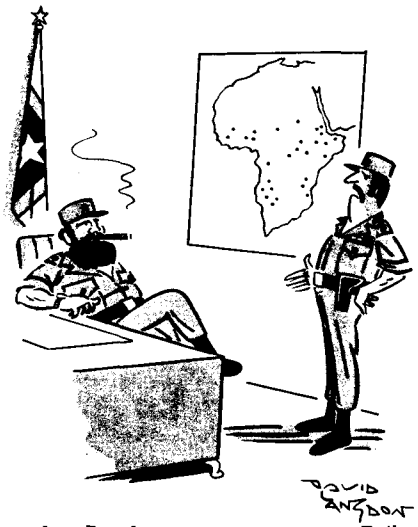
FOR THE RECORD

■ There's a lot of military activity in **Africa** and the **Middle East** these days, some confirmed, some unconfirmed. Now confirmed, the presence of Cuban troops in **Eritrea** where they are helping the Ethiopian government against the well-entrenched Eritrean Liberation Front. (An irony: a half-dozen years ago **Castro** was pro the Eritrean Liberation Front and many of the soldiers now facing the Cubans were trained in Havana.) . . . Reports from Nairobi indicate a major Soviet weapons build-up in **Mozambique**, including MiG-21 fighter bombers (with Cuban pilots), heavy Russian tanks, and surface-to-air missiles. The target: Rhodesia, against which the Patriotic Front promises escalated guerrilla attacks. . . . Middle Eastern sources say that among the prisoners swept up in **Israel**'s dash to the Litani River in Lebanon were **Yugoslavs**, **Libyans**, **Algerians**, and **Pakistanis**—all working with the PLO. . . . The London *Observer*, in an unconfirmed story, says a coalition of Arab, Iranian, and French interests has raised $18 million to help combat Soviet and Cuban influence in Angola and to "destabilize" the Marxist government of President **Agostinho Neto**. . . . Not all African leaders are silent about Cuba's deep involvement in Angola. President **Felix Houphouët-Boigny** of the Ivory Coast says that in less than two years Cuban troops in Angola have "killed thousands of Angolans," more than were killed in the 15 years of the guerrilla war against Portugal. . . . The British relief organization **Christian Aid** estimates that tribal wars, internal repressions, and disorders have now driven at least three million Africans into exile.

■ Good show: Three members of an 18-member congressional delegation to Moscow—Reps. **Henry Waxman** (Calif.), **Robert Carr** (Mich.), and **Patricia Schroeder** (Colo.) broke away from their official program to visit the family of imprisoned dissident **Anatoly Shcharansky**. Said Waxman: "We have to make clear that the Shcharansky case —if he goes on trial—will be very harmful [to U.S.-Soviet detente]." . . . **Yuri Novikov**, a Soviet psychiatrist who fled to the West in July, says the KGB forged psychiatric reports in order to send Gen. **Pyotr Grigorenko** to a special psychiatric prison in 1970—and that the KGB makes a practice of such forgeries. Grigorenko, now in the West, was stripped of his citizenship a fortnight ago as was cellist-conductor **Mstislav Rostropovich** and his wife, on grounds of "ideological degeneracy."



Langdon, *Punch* Rothco

"The only snag is we shan't have any troops for our Anniversary of the Revolution parade."

■ On the domestic scene, the *Christian Science Monitor*'s man in Washington, **Godfrey Sperling**, begs to disagree with many of his colleagues. Sperling believes that **Jimmy Carter** is "well-nigh unbeatable for a second term" because of 1) his incumbency and 3) the lack in his array of challengers of "that extra amount of appeal necessary to overcome the incumbency advantage." For what it's worth, Sperling believes **Gerald Ford** would run the strongest losing race against Carter. . . . Who would Carter least like to run against? According to a *U.S. News* story, a GOP ticket of **George Bush** (acceptable to GOP conservatives) and Gov. **Jim Thompson** of Illinois (acceptable to GOP liberals). . . . Rep. **Phil Crane**'s brother **Don**, a Danville dentist, was the surprise winner in a three-way congressional primary in Illinois' 22nd CD last week. A third brother will run for Congress in an Indiana primary May 2. . . . Not so happy a result for hard-core conservatives was the victory of Rep. **John Anderson**, a moderate Republican who is the third-ranking Republican in the House, in another Illinois district. The hard-core favored Dr. **Don Lyon**. . . . Anderson, who won with the help of Democratic cross-over votes, is sore at the treatment he received from the Right, says he may set up a committee to help other moderate and liberal Republicans fight off such right-wing attacks. . . . Caught in the flak, incidentally, was Rep. **Jack Kemp** of New York—a conservative of conservatives—who was given a going-over by *Human Events* for speaking in Anderson's behalf.

■ It's no joke to Italy's crime lords: they've told the abductors of **Aldo Moro** that unless Moro is released very soon (dead or alive, they don't seem to care) they will assassinate **Red Brigade** prisoners now held in Italian jails. The problem: the 50,000-man police dragnet that has been set up in Italy since the kidnapping is seriously inconveniencing crimals: burglaries are off 60 per cent.

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THE WEEK

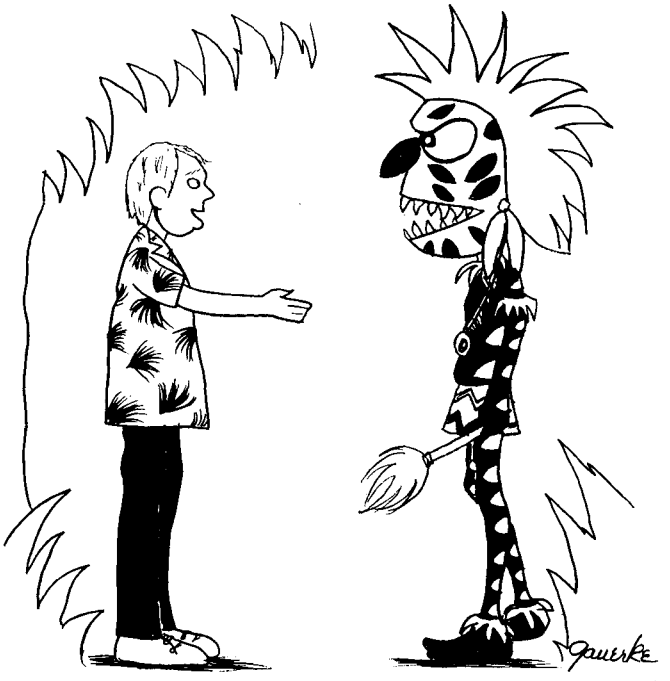
■ A task force headed by State Senator Wayne Dumont has reached the conclusion that New Jersey schools could be run more efficiently if the annual public vote on school budgets were eliminated. Which proposition wins the Voters Be Damned Benito Mussolini Award for 1978.

■ Representative Charles C. Diggs Jr. has been indicted by a federal grand jury on 14 counts of mail fraud and approximately lebbenty counts of bearing false witness. After 24 years in the House he has learned how to conduct his affairs as if he were the United States Government. He has been running large annual deficits and he denies all. Meanwhile his district back home has undergone profound changes; there's a growing chance that he can't be re-elected. Whether or not he stands for re-election, the oh-so-amiable *Washington Post* respectfully advises him to resign his posts as Chairman of the District of Columbia Committee and Chairman of the International Affairs subcommittee on Africa, in order to devote his full attention to his problems with the law. Of course the *Post* takes a high moral view of these matters, as must every right-minded citizen, insisting that Mr. Diggs be presumed innocent until proven to be a congressman.

■ New York's State Assembly has voted 94 to 51 to restore the death penalty, a margin insufficient to override the veto expected from Governor Hugh Carey. Even if his veto is upheld, however, the issue will not go away, and it will not, for reasons both practical and symbolic. Supporters of the death penalty do believe in its deterrent value and know that statistics are not especially relevant here. The potential but deterred killer does not become a statistic. Symbolically, a jail sentence for a killer, possibly a relatively light one, represents one more example of liberal culture's lack of solicitude for the innocent. This is widely and justifiably resented.

■ All politicians believe in magic, none more than the international monetary gang. If the dollar is weak, stand up on your hind legs and call it sound; that'll make it sound, according to the laws of magic. On March 13 the U.S. and West Germany announced a plan to make the dollar sound. Germany would loan us about $3 billion. Unfortch, the problem is a hundred times larger, some say two hundred; foreigners are now holding somewhere between $300 billion and $600 billion, and as the dollar keeps buying less and less, they have less and less desire to keep holding them, getting stuck with the losses caused by inflation. Three billion dollars won't stand in the way of $600 billion. The U.S.–German announcement worked like magic, for thirty minutes, during which the dollar "stabilized" itself in foreign exchange markets; and then the magic wore off. And the pols believe not only in magical cures but in mythical causes: the problem of the dollar is caused by "the Arab sheiks" and the new high oil prices. But, ten years ago, long before the "oil crisis," an editor of *NR* wrote a book, *Death of the Dollar*, prophesying exactly the current chain of events. Correct prophecy suggests correct analysis (ancient non-magical rule in experimental science). Then, as now, analysis says: dollar will stagger toward ultimate collapse (and world depression) unless U.S. reverses trends of inflation, union-induced inefficiency, governmental hobbles on enterprise, payment for non-work, and tax penalties on saving and investment and honest labor. We are about $600 billion beyond the abracadabra point.

■ Whatever Senator Ted Kennedy's failings as a political thinker, one cannot gainsay his legislative finesse. He knows the importance of compromise. Concerning his national health insurance proposals, for example, Kennedy has begun to look like an urbane Lyndon Johnson, sacrificing his public financing principles in return for some political action. His own comprehensive and very expensive proposals are stillborn in Congress and opposed by President Carter. So Kennedy and his Big Labor allies are now negotiating directly with the White House. According to some reports, the Senator has even agreed to a major financing role for private insurers. When President Carter introduces his own na-



"As a WASP, I had absolutely no chance of entering med school at home, so I'm terribly grateful for the chance to study abroad under you, Dr. Mawobu."

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Business and the rational mind, Part III

The national guilt complex • Achievement or original sin • Production vs. atonement

Judging by some of what we read and hear, self-flagellation seems about to become the order of the day. Much of whatever Americans do or achieve or enjoy is termed immoral or otherwise indefensible, and what people in other countries do is hailed as the shape of the future, morally speaking.

Well, now.

A lot of this national guilt complex depends on how things are put.

Suppose, for example, we ask you, "Do you think it's right for the United States, with only 5% of the world's population, to consume 28% of its energy?" That might be your cue to beat your breast and cry, "Heavens to Betsy, no! How could we do such a thing? And how can we atone?"

Suppose, however, we rephrase that question and ask you, "Isn't it remarkable that the United States, with only a twentieth of the world's population, can produce a fourth of the entire world's goods and services? And that we have become the industrial and agricultural breadbasket of the world... a prime purveyor to the hungry and the needy abroad?"

"Gee," you might say. "Just shows you what the old Yankee ingenuity, along with hard work and clean living, can do."

We can stomach breast-beating or a hair-shirt demonstration, if that's what gives the other fellow his kicks. But the point we want to make is that nobody in this country has to beat himself over the head just because he's adequately fed and clothed. Mankind has always striven for a land flowing with milk and honey, not a land short of necessities and barren of luxuries, long on deprivation and longer on austerity.

This is not a plea for devil-may-care hedonism. On the contrary, we are trying to make two points:

(1) Gratuitous martyrdom is an exercise in futility.

(2) When someone tries to make you feel guilty because our country has achieved to a considerable degree what all countries strive for, don't leap to the bait. Remember, it's possible to state even the most positive accomplishments in a way that makes them sound like original sin.

We get the distinct impression that most of the people who berate this country for its productivity are themselves quite well fed, well clothed, well housed, and, possibly as a result, feeling guilty. We cannot believe that Americans can solve, or even alleviate, the problems of this country and the rest of the world through starvation diets or by sleeping on a bed of nails. A refrigerator or a loaf of bread or a pair of shoes not bought and used in the United States is not automatically going to end up in some less-developed country.

The point is that our country is so productive, despite all the roadblocks thrown up by government and others, that it can turn out an almost unbelievable volume of goods—enough to supply the domestic market and still have a lot left over to export. If you want more U.S. money and food and other goods sent to needy peoples abroad, fine; tell your Senators and your Congressman so. But don't feel guilty about living well if you already do, or about wanting to if you don't.

We are not trying to promote gluttony or even conspicuous consumption. We are trying to deflate what strikes us as nonsense. Life is short, and people who work hard and productively shouldn't reproach themselves over their rewards, especially since producing for plenty makes society a lot more comfortable than sharing unnecessary shortage. To some people pleasure may be a little sinful, but if there were no sin in the world, what would be the benchmark for virtue?

Mark Twain once commented that on the basis of the information reaching him, his choice would be heaven for climate and hell for good conversation. Maybe he had something there.

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tional health insurance plans next year, look for Senator Kennedy to be at his side.

■ You may expect to hear more about "giveback" as time goes on. It was an element in the coal strike, it's alive and kicking in the negotiations between New York City and its municipal unions, it prolonged the Lockheed Aircraft strike, it's a battleground in the railroad industry, in steel, publishing, construction, printing, automobile manufacturing, and on and on. Undoubtedly it'll be in the next Random House dictionary:

> **give·back** (giv' bak), *n.* **1.** in labor negotiations, any demand by management that the unions accept reduced benefits, or work harder, or both. **2.** any pitiable shudder during an organism's death throes.

■ BAD DECISIONS NEVER DIE, THEY JUST GET WORSE, DEPT.: In 1976 Daniel Dustin was arrested for murder in Holyoke, Massachusetts. Twice Mr. Dustin was informed (as per *Miranda*) that anything he said could be used against him; that he need not answer any question; that he was entitled to the services of a lawyer; and that such services, if he lacked the wherewithal, would be provided by the state. Twice Mr. Dustin was advised by counsel to take the hint, and shut up. But Mr. Dustin, seemingly not a bright sort, insisted on making incriminating statements to a policeman, who failed to repeat the ritual. State court ruled that the statements could not be used as evidence; prosecutors appealed; Supreme Court upheld state. Maybe Dustin wasn't so dumb after all.

■ In another decision, however, the Supreme Court stuck by its guns. Mr. Ensio Lakeside of Portland, Oregon had been charged with leaving a minimum security prison on an overnight pass and not returning. Invoking the Fifth, Mr. Lakeside elected not to take the stand. Trial judge pointed this out to the jury, assuring them that "this must not be considered by you in determining the question of guilt or innocence." Standard modern practice—except, argued Lakeside's lawyers, that even to tell jurors not to think about it was to encourage them to think about it. Next, they'll be wanting private trials, except what would that do to the Sixth Amendment? Supreme Court upheld the trial judge, Thurgood Marshall and John Paul Stevens (Ford's appointee) dissenting.

■ Led by Representatives Phil Crane and Mickey Edwards, a contingent of New Right strategists recently went on a hunting expedition in Youngstown, Ohio that has sent shockwaves throughout the organized labor movement. Crane and Co. met with union officials in the town to offer alternatives to the Democratic policies that many blame for industrial layoffs. The New Right pitch has had some immediate results. Crane and Edwards have introduced a legislative package that includes a reinvestment tax credit to encourage industries to remain in cities, amendments to the Clean Air and Clean Water Acts, and legislation to curb imports on imported steel, all designed to cure what ails Youngstown and other areas on their way to becoming economic disaster zones. An alarmed AFL-CIO is publishing newsletters alerting its members to the new danger from the Right.

■ That Jimmy Carter can talk tough we no longer doubt, having heard his March 17 pledge at Wake Forest University to "counter any threats to our allies and our vital interests." Whether he can act tough we may soon find out. *NR* contributor Robert Moss, writing in the London *Telegraph*, reports that the Soviet Union is building a nuclear submarine base in Cuba. They have tried this kind of thing before. There was, of course, the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, when President Kennedy played brinkmanship with Nikita Khrushchev and

"Fire!"

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"We're in danger of losing our most economical source of power."

—Meredith D. Persson, Nuclear Cost Accountant

"In most areas of the country, nuclear energy is our cheapest source of electric power. On the average, electricity from nuclear energy costs 1.23 cents per kilowatt hour; but electricity from oil runs to 3.36 cents!

"Despite these figures, only three nuclear plants were started in 1977.

In many areas, nuclear energy saves customers millions of dollars.

"Nuclear plants saved customers of New England electric companies $380 million, compared to what an equivalent amount of power generated by oil would have cost. In Illinois, nuclear power saved customers $125 million; in the Carolinas, $138 million; in Iowa, $16 million.

"The price of oil itself will no doubt continue to rise. This clearly hurts the car and home owner. It also hurts in less visible ways—in higher electric rates, in the cost of energy that goes into manufactured products. But nuclear power can ease inflationary pressures while it helps us through the energy crisis.

Nuclear energy prevented disaster during the big freeze.

"During the record cold wave of '76-'77, demand for fuel shot up—while deliveries of coal, oil, and gas (to homes, businesses, and power plants) slid down.

"People switched to electricity to make up the fuel loss, and demands soared to record peaks. Over 20 billion kilowatt-hours of electricity were produced from more than 50 nuclear generating units. These plants, by continuing to supply electricity where others couldn't, saved an estimated 257,000 jobs, and prevented a disastrous decrease in the gross national product.

Nuclear power can't do the job alone—we still need coal as a major source of electricity.

"Electric companies are, where feasible, converting power plants from oil and natural gas to coal. Coal may make more sense than nuclear power in certain areas—right where coal fields are located, for example.

"But remember that in some sections of the country our electric power capacity is stretching thin—dangerously thin, as the cold snap revealed."

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

What do Joseph Califano and William Sibert have in common? Until Sibert was put in the pokey last year, both worked in the federal bureaucracy, Califano as HEW chief and Sibert as an analyst in the Transportation Department's Urban Mass Transportation Administration (UMTA). Califano is still on the job; Sibert won't be back. But during the past year, each in his own way helped to confirm a long-standing suspicion: no one really knows what goes on in the bureaucracy on the day-to-day operational level—least of all the people who ostensibly run it—and until something sufficiently embarrassing to be newsworthy happens, no one much gives a hoot.

Sibert, you'll recall, was the Walter Mittyish fellow—bearing a striking resemblance to Billy Carter—who like many other men his age suddenly seemed to realize that the good things in life were never to be his. But unlike most of the rest of us, he decided to do something about it, by rigging a Transportation Department computer to issue $857,000 in UMTA funds to William Sibert. And then, public monies in hand, he proceeded to do what millions of American males secretly yearn to do: he bought a new home; he bought a fleet of cars; he bought a yacht. He showered his womenfolk with gifts; he laid on a Las Vegas junket; and he bought his very own topless go-go bar, which is now the property of the Federal Government, and perhaps the only federal operation ever to run in the black.

It is difficult to resist liking Sibert, especially when he smiled that sly little Billy Carterish smile as they hauled him off. Nor is his contribution to the understanding of how our government works insignificant. For the fact is that had his bankers not grown suspicious, no one would have missed that $857,000 at all. The concept of accountability is nearly non-existent in the federal bureaucracy, and a million dollars of public money is just computer paper.

This is nowhere more true than at HEW, where Joseph Califano presides over the nation's biggest business, with a proposed FY 1979 budget that is larger than the total combined assets of the nation's twenty largest oil companies. The suspicion here has long been that various welfare and health-care programs are so loosely and badly administered that HEW seldom can tell precisely how much has been spent for what by whom and when. And frequently, when it does attempt to account for the expenditures of public monies, HEW blunders so badly that it confirms that suspicion, in spades.

The most recent case in point is HEW's hit list of $100,000-per-year Medicare doctors. The emphasis in Califano's HEW is on proving that everything in the health-care system except federal intervention drives up medical costs. Hospitals are one prime target; the other is doctors, who present a very special political problem. Doctors remain among the most highly respected people in America—much more respected than government officials. Thus, government officials who want to take over the nation's health-care system feel that first they must destroy the credibility of doctors, especially those who insist on practicing privately. One way to do this is periodically to issue a list of physicians who seem to be growing fat by bilking the government under the Medicare program.

But the problem is that this list is generally so laced with errors that it defeats its own purpose. The 1977 list, for instance, which cost $136,000 to work up, has been investigated by Congress and found to be poorly prepared, mistake-riddled, excessively costly, and badly managed. Among the more egregious of the 450 errors: individual physicians and group practices were confused; the list contained names of dead or retired doctors; many reported dollar amounts were inaccurate. One Michigan doctor listed as receiving $115,000 actually received $15,000. His comment: "My wife must think I have an apartment on the side and a mistress as well."

HEW's foulups on its $136,000 report on $100,000 Medicare doctors were so flagrant that Califano actually issued a somewhat qualified apology, something he seldom does. But there was no apology for the misuse of public money, nor will there ever be. True, some of the more bitter critics here continue to carp, asserting that bureaucratic maladministration of the funds the Feds collect from us is a national scandal. But they just don't seem to understand that whether it's Califano misusing it for libelous lists or Sibert misusing it just as honestly for go-go bars, in Washington it's little more than computer money. And who can get excited about that? —CATO

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forced him to evacuate the ICBMs the Soviets were stationing there. More recently, in 1971, the Soviets tried to do what they are reported to be doing now—build a submarine base. The building ceased, however, immediately after Anatoly Dobrynin, the Kremlin's U.S. ambassador, delivered a short note from President Nixon to Fidel Castro promising that if Castro didn't remove the base, Nixon would remove him. Having seen what Nixon had caused to be done to the landscape of North Vietnam, Castro and the Soviets found the note convincing. This time, however, unlike in 1962 and 1971, Castro and his Soviet sponsors seem to believe they are dealing with a patsy, which is what makes the Moss article plausible, despite the *pro forma* denials from the Defense Department.

■ School authorities in St. Petersburg, Florida, recently had the temerity to test applicants for teaching jobs to find out whether they could read, write, add, and subtract. Four of the first 15 would-be teachers flunked. Good thing they didn't decide to test multiplication and division.

■ Excerpts from an encounter between Marshall McLuhan and Governor Jerry Brown, as reported in the *Los Angeles Times*: "*McLuhan*: Television is not a visual medium. It is an acoustic medium, an audile-tactile medium; the image is not visual. Its components are innumerable little mobile dots rubbing against each other and creating a very tactile abrasive effect. There're no shutters, there're no pictures on TV. . . . And it's fed to the viewer—he doesn't look at a screen, it looks at him. The viewer is the screen on TV, and he goes inside the image. . . . It shoots out acoustically, you see, just

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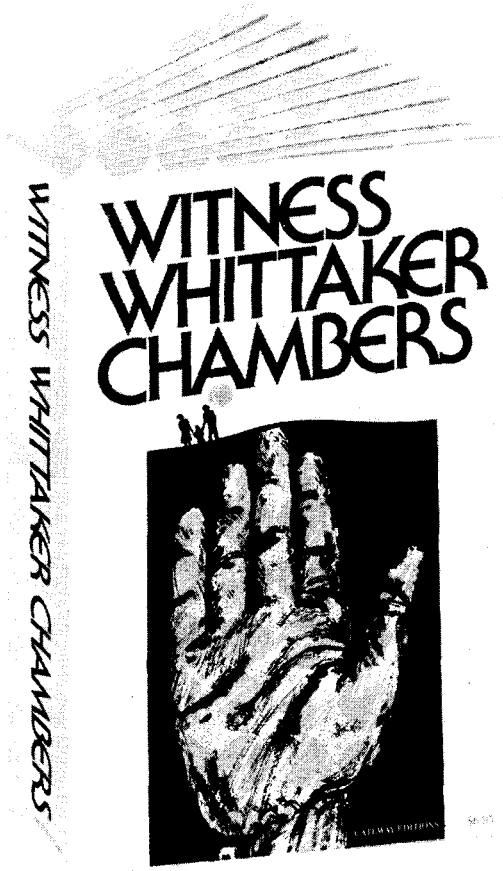

Witness is an American classic, one of the select few books that every literate conservative simply must have. If you have read it you know how true that is; if you haven't, here is a wonderful opportunity to get one of the great books of our time in a handsome new edition for just $3.95 (see offer below).

About the book. . .

It's no overstatement to say that *Witness* is one of the greatest books of this century. Once you pick it up you will be hard put to lay it aside. In one sense, it's sheer spinetingling melodrama with all the elements of a superb mystery/spy thriller. Yet, it's all true, the unforgettable story of one man's lonely struggle that, in the end, becomes Everyman's struggle against tyranny and materialism (shades of Solzhenitsyn!). If you've ever wondered why so many intellectuals become Communists you'll find the answer here in this shocking account of the Communist Fifth Column in America by a man who was there, took part in it, and who names names.

As John P. Marquand wrote, "*Witness* is much more than a series of intrigues and trials. . . . No psychological novel can exceed it in interest. No study of conflicting characters under stress could go deeper with Chambers, or be more puzzling than with Hiss. The book was not written as literature, but literature it is of a high order." Amen.

Unfortunately, *Witness* has been out of print for so long that a whole generation has grown up largely unaware of the treasure that awaits them in this remarkable book. But now it is once again available, complete and unabridged, in a new high quality softcover edition. This new edition sells for $6.95 retail but you can get it for just $3.95, almost half price, with NR's Special Book Offer. Just subscribe to *National Review* now for a full year at the current price of $19 (or extend your present subscription, no matter when it's due to expire), add $3.95 for the book, and we'll send a brand new copy of *Witness* posthaste. (Remember, we pay all postage and handling — another big savings for you.)

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like ripples on a wave. . . . And there are no moral values at the speed of light. Moral values just dissolve. That's why you have separatism all around the world. Legal structures will not hold up at the speed of light." McLuhan is not the father of the electronic age, he's its Dada.

■ It turns out Bubbles was pregnant. Do you suppose the authorities overlooked a male hippo in that pond?

■ According to Dr. Ellen Berscheid of the University of Minnesota, ugly people are discriminated against: she decries "a strong physical attractiveness stereotype: attractive people are assumed to be kinder, more genuine, sincere, warm, sexually responsive, poised, modest, sociable, sensitive, interesting, strong, more exciting, more nurturant, and of better character" than homely ones. Before ratification of the URA, it may be relevant to note that Dr. Berscheid is reportedly a real dog.

■ MIDWEST PROFESSOR, psychology, female, great personality, seeks blind date with man, or, alternatively, date with blind man.

Jimmy Carter, Hawk

He came to Winston-Salem
With pistols in his belt;
He warned the Soviets to stow
Their hunger for the veldt.
That's where they're really heading—
Or so it seems to me;
But all that Carter's got so far
From Brezhnev is, "Tee-hee."

W. H. VON DREELE

Israel–U.S. Impasse

Both U.S. and Israeli spokesmen described the recent Carter–Begin talks as grim, tough, and at an impasse. At the conclusion of the talks, even the customary diplomatic niceties were neglected, and Prime Minister Begin went home to a politically turbulent Israel. The impasse reflects a divergence of U.S. and Israeli interests and self-conceptions and does so at several levels.

Since the U.S. is a global power, and a regional power in the Mideast with both commitments to Israeli security and a vital interest in the Saudi Arabian oil fields, any U.S. Government that is not entirely fatuous must play multiple regional hands. It cannot interpret all Mideast issues exclusively in terms of the Israeli–Arab–Palestinian tangle. Thus Israel and its supporters here interpret the sale of advanced jet planes to Egypt and Saudi Arabia entirely from the Israeli perspective. Militarily the sale *is* negative from the Israeli standpoint, though, of course, Israel possesses one of the world's most advanced and powerful air arms. From a U.S. perspective, in contrast, Egypt and Saudi Arabia have as much interest as Washington does in facing down a Soviet–Cuban initiative, conceived of as an *external* threat to the entire region. The jets for Arabia address that threat. Israel sees things much more locally.

Thus, again from a local point of view, the Israeli thrust into southern Lebanon makes short-run tactical sense. Israel has become the target of a continuous and escalating terrorist campaign launched from bases in Lebanon by rejectionist terrorist organizations. These organizations have been severely discomfited. But in the wider regional and global context, the Israeli thrust into Lebanon damaged the prospects of negotiated stability and the emergence of a common moderate front against Soviet–Cuban imperialism.

Prime Minister Menahem Begin gives every indication of being a local, indeed an atavistic, politician. He pushes Israeli settlements relentlessly into occupied Arab land, apparently ignoring the verbal injunctions of Carter and other Administration spokesmen. He unilaterally alters the meaning of UN Resolution 242. He gives every sign of considering the West Bank to be Israeli property, appropriating it rhetorically in fundamentalist religious terms by calling it "liberated Judea and Samaria." It may be that Begin believes Israel to possess a non-negotiable religious claim to all of Biblical Palestine, which would include the West Bank, but he can scarcely expect the foreign policy of non-Jewish states to accede to the drawing of national boundaries on the basis of his interpretation of the Old Testament.

The enormous question now looms: To just what extent does Begin, if he means what he says, speak for Israeli—and American Jewish—opinion?

Maybe a Surprise Ahead

Under the regime of Jimmy Carter and Andy Young, our State Department has had the unaccustomed pleasure of possessing a simple, clear-cut policy toward at least one sector of the globe. In Africa we will keep in line with the black African governments. What they want, we will want; what they oppose, we will oppose. If we follow this rule, they will be sure to love us, and maybe some day one of their UN delegates will say something nice about us from the floor of the Assembly.

If the black governments are against Somalia's taking over the Ogaden, we're against it, even though it is Russian and Cuban soldiers that are fighting against Somalia. So, also, in the south of Africa: if the front-line African governments (Tanzania, Zambia, Mozambique, Angola, and Botswana) prefer to have Rhodesia taken over by guerrilla armies, trained and supplied by Moscow, rather than by a peacefully negotiated agreement between Rhodesia's black and white communities, sealed

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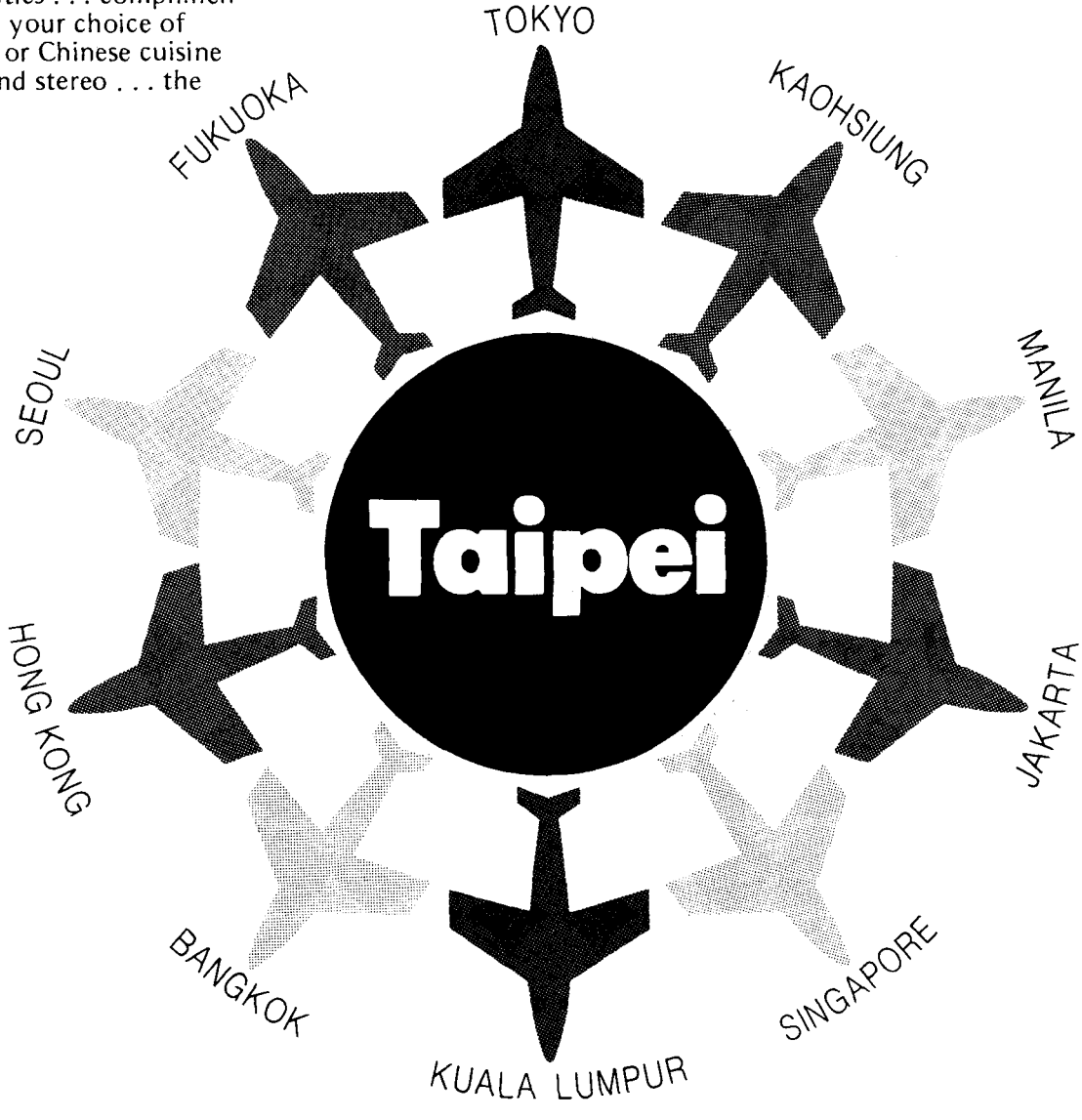

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by a one-man/one-vote vote of all adult Rhodesians both black and white, then we, too, are all for the guerrillas, and down with those tricksters who prefer the ballot to the barrel of a gun.

Faithfully drawing out the logic of this policy, the State Department, on March 27, after two days of private discussion between the front-line heads of government and the aforesaid Andy Young, declared that the "internal settlement" reached March 3 in Salisbury among Ian Smith and the three principal black nationalist leaders was "illegitimate" and "unacceptable." "Illegitimate" presumably meant that the settlement was a product of a government so termed by the colonial power, Great Britain, which ruled Rhodesia until 13 years ago. "Unacceptable" meant that the State Department, following the lead of the front-liners, didn't want to see the new, internally formed regime become the recognized government of a transformed, non-racist Zimbabwe. (See also "The American–Rhodesian Perspective," by John Davenport, p. 460.)

The simplistic policy of the State Department has thus got us into the absurd position of supporting the guerrilla path to political change as against the democratic path of free negotiation and the free, universal ballot—of supporting, for Rhodesia, the path taken in two of those same front-line nations, Angola and Mozambique, where it led to the departure of one million hardworking Portuguese and the imposition of Marxist regimes, one of them kept in office only by the efforts of Cuban mercenaries led by Russians.

It is quite possible, however, that the State Department will find its absurd policy falling to pieces before long. There are rapidly increasing signs that British opinion, both in and out of government, is veering toward acceptance, if not active support, of the Rhodesian internal agreement, and if Britain so decides, that would void the charges of illegitimacy. It is hard to see how, on either formal or practical grounds, the U.S. could avoid going along with London.

Moreover, the turn-out of 150,000 black Rhodesians —in dreadful weather—to hear Bishop Muzorewa's speech on the settlement suggests the probable truth of the reports that the great majority of black Rhodesians support one or another of the three leaders who signed the internal agreement, and that only a small minority favor the externally based guerrillas of the Patriotic Front. If this attitude of the majority is convincingly confirmed during the months immediately ahead, and if the transitional regime shows a genuine resolve to carry through, democratically and fairly, the shift to a new, non-racist government, then it would become politically impossible for the U.S. to continue to support a repudiated minority whose only claim to ruling Zimbabwe would rest on terror and foreign backing.

In short, this may be a happy instance in which our policy is not only wrong and absurd but impossible. Next December, perhaps, when the new Zimbabwe government is inaugurated in fulfillment of the internal settlement, Ambassador Andrew Young, bringing greetings from his President, may deliver the first address of congratulations.

Yes, I Know

Like victims of St. Vitus' dance,
The under-thirties all enhance
Their conversation with, "You know?"
In an increasing ratio.
While *n'est-ce pas?*'s fine for speaking French
And *nichs?* leaves no aesthetic wrench,
"You know?", increasingly employed,
I'd like to label Null & Void.

W. H. VON DREELE

Urban Piracy

The Federal Government is broke, and the Administration's refusal to recognize that obvious fact threatens to break the private economy as well. Yet the Administration is nonetheless asking for authority to spend up to $10.5 billion over the next two years on something called an "urban policy." Then there is to be another nationalized bank to channel $11 billion in subsidized loans to businesses expanding in or moving into certain urban areas, plus $1.7 billion a year in special tax breaks to get businesses to employ some of those stuck in public service jobs.

None of this will do anything but bust the budget (which already provided $85 billion in grants to states and cities). The idea of actually spending good money on things like "neighborhood development projects" and an "urban volunteer corps" sounds like an old Lyndon Johnson joke. More subsidized and guaranteed loans would simply draw lendable funds away from mortgages, local government bonds, and productive investment. Giving special credit terms and tax breaks to new businesses in declining areas may give newcomers just enough competitive advantage to shut down the older, declining firms. And public service jobs were promoted as a device to provide "useful training," so it seems strange to ask taxpayers to give private employers a $2,000 bribe to employ these useful people.

Another "temporary" program, counter-cyclical revenue sharing, is to become permanent, and would drop a spare billion on cities that did a good job of keeping their unemployment rates high. Since local unemployment rates are only a wild estimate anyway, it shouldn't be too difficult to make them wilder. If creative statistics won't do, cities could always adopt New York's tax and welfare policies.

There is also some pocket money in the plan to "reward" states that follow Washington's ideas of how to help the cities, and an effort to spend more federal money

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on minority-run enterprises, rather than where the taxpayer gets the most value for his dollar.

The only promising part of this Carter-Eizenstat grab bag is the effort to undo a few of the federal policies that are crippling the cities. Despite this implicit admission of federal culpability, however, President Carter says the states and localities have "insufficient resources, interest, or leadership" to handle urban problems. Well, the state and local governments as a group have about a $25-billion budget surplus, they surely must be interested in their own problems, and President Carter is in no position to lecture anyone about leadership.

Jury Still Out

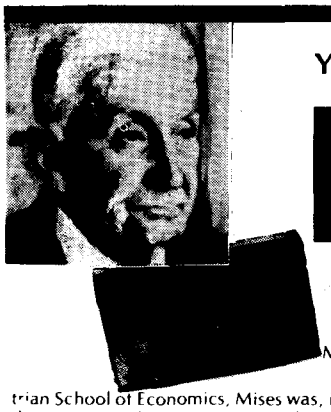
"The Hiss case cries aloud for fresh and thorough examination, for here is where it all began; here was the genesis of the unscrupulous power that has brought the nation to the disgrace of Watergate."—Fred Cook and Raymond Werchen, The Nation, *May 28, 1973.*

". . . if a Committee of Congress today should use its investigative powers to undertake a new study of the case, it seems more than likely that the remaining mysteries would be cleared up. . . . So long as the conviction of Alger Hiss remains unreversed, it is a reminder that the consequences of fraud and deceit are still with us."—John Chabot Smith, Alger Hiss: The True Story, *1976.*

The fresh and thorough examination has now been made, and the fraud and deceit exposed—and it turns out, as the courts had all along maintained, that the fraud and deceit were Hiss's. Allen Weinstein, Smith College historian, has concluded a six-year-long investigation of the Hiss case. Weinstein began with the assumption that Hiss was innocent. He sued to obtain some 40,000 pages of classified FBI and Justice Department files; he interviewed forty people, some as far afield as Budapest and Jerusalem. *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case*, the result of his research, fills 674 pages. And his conclusion: that Hiss lied: about the Woodstock typewriter, about his car, about his maids—about every detail that demonstrated that he was a Russian agent, known to fellow-agent Whittaker Chambers.

"Belief in Hiss," Garry Wills observes, "now becomes a task on the heroic scale. People must labor at such blindness."

Not necessarily. Such "blindness" is no problem at all for the diehard ideologist. The quarter-century campaign to whitewash Hiss reminds you of the half-century campaign to redeem the names of Sacco and



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Paging Mr. Nixon

Remember Iowa? That's where
The Carters won it fair and square;
From there, campaigning was a breeze
In almost all the primaries.
Now Jimmy, reaching up his sleeve,
Would give these caucuses the heave—
Thus neatly blocking from the crown
The likes of Mr. Jerry Brown.
As strategy, it's pretty slick,
But isn't it "a dirty trick"?

W. H. VON DREELE

Vanzetti. Those two anarchists were tried in 1921 and convicted of murder. All hell broke loose on the Left, and there resulted six years of slogans, marches, poems, plays, riots, appeals, delays, and uproar, followed by the executions of Sacco and Vanzetti in 1927. The truth is that Sacco was guilty; Vanzetti was not; Vanzetti chose martyrdom for the good of the cause; the cause accepted the deal; and for the next fifty years the Left hammered away, cynically, hypocritically, Lillian Hellmanly, at the task of redeeming the two revolutionaries. Until, on the fiftieth anniversary of their execution, the Governor of Massachusetts (People's Republic of) issued a proclamation to remove "the stigma and the disgrace" from their names.

The hullabaloo about Hiss's "innocence" will continue; the Hiss gang are merely the second generation of the old Sacco-Vanzetti crowd, this time with Harvard accents and nice pensions. And they'll use the Hiss thing for the next fifty years as they used the Sacco-Vanzetti thing for the past fifty: to recruit new believers, to appeal to passionate and fanatical spirits, to undermine our faith in our institutions of government and justice, to corrode the names of the real heroes in the case. Professor Weinstein will have a busy life.

Landmark Victory in Tennessee

An election of historic importance was held in Tennessee on March 7. The voters addressed themselves to 13 proposed amendments to the state constitution, the result of a five-month constitutional convention held late last year. One of the amendments provided for constitutional control over state taxing and spending ("No public money shall be expended except pursuant to appropriations made by laws. . . . In no year shall the rate of growth of appropriations from state tax revenues exceed the estimated rate of growth of the state's economy as determined by law. . . .").

The voters ratified the amendment by 244,694 to 133,411—64.7 per cent to 35.2 per cent. Among the controversial issues this was nine percentage points higher than the next strongest majority. The amendment carried 95 out of the state's 99 counties, including Davidson County, the seat of state government (Nashville). The support was bipartisan, as it seems to be everywhere the issue is raised.

Tennessee has now become the first state in the history of our country to establish constitutional control over the growth of taxes and expenditures. Similar proposals are in various stages of development in dozens of other states and—yes—at the federal level. General coordination for the tax-limitation movement comes through the National Tax-Limitation Committee, one of whose principal consultants is Professor Milton Friedman.

Opinion surveys show that a majority of the voters, in almost all categories, favor a spending-limitation amendment (the big exception: public-employee unions). Even the legislators, once they understand what it will do for them (i.e., take them off the hot spot), favor it. It's an idea whose time has come, and none too soon. It can stop the Leviathan State in its tracks.

Nipping 'Em in the Bud

A California girl, seeking an innocent abortion, inadvertently gave birth to a little girl nearly eight months along. The doctor, William Waddill, is on trial for strangling the child. Even the pro-abortion forces are keeping their distance: Waddill hasn't received the honor and glory they heaped on Kenneth Edelin a few years ago. Their position seems to be that a fetus that survives its saline baptism becomes a *bona-fide* baby.

The incoherencies grow. A few months back an HEW panel gave up trying to recommend "alternatives to abortion," the only ones they could think of being "suicide, motherhood, and, some would add, madness," presumably in order of gravity. The *New York Times* picked up the litany—"suicide, motherhood, or madness"—along with the usual Orwellian delicacy about "terminating" pregnancies, followed by slobbering about "the tragedy of thousands of unwanted children."

A *Times* reader writes that it is "immoral" to "condemn" an "unwanted child" to "a life of misery." The "child" seems to be a precious being who results from, but is by no means to be identified with, the disposable "fetus." He is actually a *beneficiary* of abortion. Giving birth to him may under inauspicious circumstances be a form of child abuse.

Got all that? Abortion-at-will is simply and absolutely a woman's "right," without regard for the child (a mere "fetus" when this "right" is at stake). There are no standards by which to judge a given abortion; it is strictly a matter of "private conscience," which a) has nothing to do with formulable rules, and b) is, in any case, always consulted faithfully by the woman.

On the other hand, we find that abortions are in fact morally desirable—for the child's sake! So there are standards after all? No, not really: the only common de-

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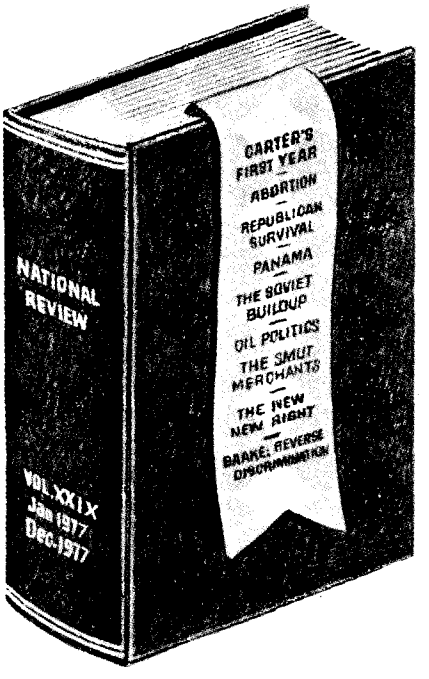

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nominator in these two lines of argument (so glibly interchanged) is that *no abortion may be condemned*. You may say either "Some abortions are good" or "No abortion is bad." Any argument that promotes abortion will do, however hard to reconcile with the other arguments tending to the same end.

A new theme, gently muted, is emerging. While abortion began as an option, it is now being nudged along as a policy. Public funding is increasingly the issue; behind it lies an anxiety about the birth rate of the poor. Pundits like David Broder have talked about the tax burden (and, down the road, the potential crime problem) posed by the "unwanted" children, raising the question just whom it is that these children are unwanted *by*. While liberals think of, say, freedom of expression as essentially a middle-class concern, they think of the right to abort as one to be exercised most naturally by the lower classes.

Blacks are getting the point. According to Andrew Greeley, they are even more strongly opposed to abortion than Catholics. Since the pro-abortionists have been eager to inject the religious issue into the discussion, perhaps they won't mind a little bandying about of the race issue. It is wrong to kill the unborn. And there is something particularly ugly about a strategy of encouraging and subsidizing the killing of the poor, black, urban unborn even for so laudable an end as political economy.

Ugliest Easter Bonnet

In his new book *The Great Fear*, British novelist and Marxist historian David Caute deals with the McCarthy Period. Notice that in his title Caute alludes to the *grande peur* just before the French Revolution. The book goes downhill after the title. One cannot restrain oneself from noting that no Robespierre followed in the wake of Caute's Great Fear.

"It was indeed a desperate time," writes Caute, echoing, this time, *A Tale of Two Cities*. (Shiver, tumbrils approaching) A "time when the words 'democracy' and 'freedom' resembled gaudy advertising slogans suspended above an intersection where panic, prejudice, suspicion, cowardice, and demagogic ambition constantly collided in a bedlam of recriminations. The wealthiest, most secure nation in the world was sweat-drenched in fear."

Naw, says Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr., writing in the *New York Times Book Review*, the McCarthy era wasn't *that* bad: "I really don't recognize the America of that period in Mr. Caute's feverish account." But British intellectuals have always tended to treat McCarthyism as if it were the distillation of the American character, and among them the innocence of those people investigated for Communist activities—including Alger Hiss—has been pretty much an article of faith. "I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions," Lillian Hellman told the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1952; but of course pro-Communism among "intellectuals" was as much a matter of fashion as anti-Communism among the *lumpenbourgeoisie* of Wisconsin. And in the past couple of years anti-anti-Communism has acquired a nostalgic aura as part of a vanished cultural scene: it provides the soft pink background lighting for chrome and convertibles and big bands and floppy Easter hats. Thus David Caute's nostalgic, fashionable, and preposterous book.

In it, Caute treats the Hiss case gingerly, never offering an opinion as to Hiss's guilt; his tone, however, conveys the impression that a great wrong was done the noble Alger by vicious people. Yes, Alger Hiss as Sidney Carton. Curtain. Curtain.

Newspeak '78

The concern of the American Jewish Congress for civil liberties is understandable if not always intelligent. Recently the AJC observed the thirtieth anniversary of the House Un-American Activities Committee's "Hollywood 10" hearings. One of the speakers was Ring Lardner Jr. Mr. Lardner was an unpropitious choice, inasmuch as he was not one of those innocents we are always hearing about—you know, "suspected of radical sympathies" and accordingly tarred and feathered by a frenzied mob —but a man rightly accused of Stalinist activities.

Lardner himself admits this, in his own way, though he does prefer words like "radical" to words like "Stalinist." Sounds more Thomas Paine-ish, just like "outspoken" (another of his preferred terms) as compared with "furtive." Oh, he admits that he and his fellow outspoken radicals were "reluctantly concealing" their ties, such being "Party policy"—reluctant Party policy, no doubt.

Lardner's speech, which wound up on the Op-Ed page of the *New York Times*, deplored the "general stigma which unthinking people attach to it" (i.e., servitude to the Soviet Union), and the way "our nation has moved through two centuries in a continuous cycle from liberty to repression and back." He spoke of unconstitutional pokings into "the private affairs of the citizen," and warned that we must never "relax our vigilance" in the face of "the forces of hate, intolerance, and aggression." He is now and always has been just nuts about constitutional liberties, which is exactly why he was branded a Stal—oops, outspoken radical in the first place.

Soviet Chess

Chess Grandmaster Viktor Korchnoi, who emigrated—or, as he terms it, escaped—from Russia in July 1976, has earned a shot at the world championship by eliminating three Soviets in the candidate matches. First, Korchnoi defeated his old foe and a loyal Communist, former World Champion Tigran Petrosian, 6½-5½. Then, in a manner reminiscent of Fischer, he annihilated Lev Polu-

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gaevsky, building a 6-1 lead and coasting to an 8½-4½ victory. Against Boris Spassky—who is himself living in France for a year—he burst out to a 7½-2½ lead, unaccountably lost four in a row, and then rallied to score a 10½-8½ victory. Korchnoi will play another Soviet, World Champion Anatoly Karpov in Manila this summer.

This course of events has been highly embarrassing to the Soviet Union. Since his defection Korchnoi has become an unperson. His character and ability have been defamed; new chess books may not contain examples of Korchnoi's play, nor may chess journals carry any games he has played since his defection. Even Karpov had to call Belgrade, the site of the Korchnoi-Spassky match, to get game scores. From the Communist point of view, this censorship is not unjustified.

In an interview in the January 1977 *Chess Life and Review*, Korchnoi discussed how well top chess players can do in Russia—if they conform. "One starts selling his soul by bits and pieces until it's all gone." Korchnoi further speculated that if he came from behind to tie his match with Karpov he might be the victim of some accident. "That may sound paranoid, but there is no clear difference between paranoia and real fear in Russia." Korchnoi closed the interview by saying, "Now they cannot force me to lose anymore."

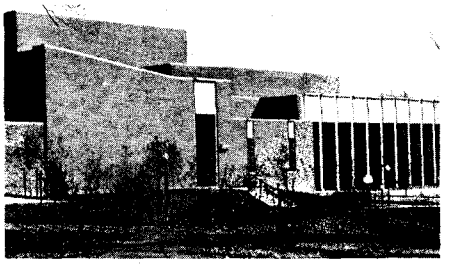
The pressure now shifts to Karpov. The Soviet Union treats its failures in chess the same way totalitarian countries always treat failures. The ex-heroes lose their privileges, if they are lucky. Petrosian, despite his loyalty, lost his prestigious job as editor of the Russian chess weekly *64* immediately after his loss to Korchnoi. Korchnoi betrayed Communism so he can't be a good chess player. Therefore they will punish anyone who loses to him. Karpov's need to consider politics as well as chess could open the door to a now free Korchnoi.

—EUGENE MEYER

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In regard to the item appearing in "The Week" (Feb. 17) noting the 3.3-pound- 700-page- 20,000-word specifications for a federally designed mousetrap; This reader was a little concerned that no detailed description of the mysterious mousetrap was offered following the disclosure of such a costly tome's existence! Of course it could be that the contents of the specs are classified government material—or could it be that the very specifications themselves are the secret mousetrap? Perhaps its deadly wieght is to be hurled by some government employee



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at the tiny rodents? Or maybe its yawnoid bureaucratic syntax is to be read to the mesmerized mice, leading to their easy capture and liquidation? Cordially yours,

Peter C. Garrison
Portland, Oregon

Dear Mr. Buckley:

No, tell me it isn't so! I wave my hands before my eyes trying to erase the image of my carelessly written letter to you as the letter's Xeroxed ghost shows me its myriad wounds!

Hurrying to meet the evening's mail deadline I typed the letter to you in regard to the paragraph in "The Week" describing the specifications for a federally designed mousetrap. (Fascinating.) Only after sprinting to *the post box did I re-read my letter and to my horror* see that I'd scrambled syntax and misspelled "weight." ("I" before "E" except for me.) [Semicolons and hyphens, let's face it, are no great shakes syntactically. They are only clever sales-promoting gimmicks of typewriter-ribbon manufacturers. The more type symbols, the more ribbon used.]

But oh—the mortification if my first letter is published with the sickening "*sic*s" sticking all through it! Red-penciled by my hero! Argh! No—this letter too must appear if the first is shown. But perhaps both letters will be lost in the Eastern snowdrifts or the labyrinthine windings of the U.S. Postal Service's service, or simply discarded in an *NR* drone's wastebin.

A humble subscriber,
Peter Garrison

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

This will acknowledge receipt of your letter dated January 18, 1978 in which you tender your resignation from AFTRA.

Your letter is a continuing manifestation of your campaign to attempt the destruction of any meaningful effort by a democratic union to achieve better wages and working conditions for its members. In all your writings concerning AFTRA you have never given any indication that you knew or had attempted to ascertain the enormous benefits that AFTRA has achieved for its members in the past forty years.

Your tender of resignation from AFTRA dated January 18, 1978 has been filed. Sincerely,

Kenneth Groot
Executive Secretary
American Federation of Television and Radio Artists

Dear Mr. Groot: 1) Yours was not a democratic union until Stan Evans and I made it so: membership in it was compulsory. 2) A lot of us value the First Amendment and the freedom of speech above the collective bargaining benefits of any union. 3) I am happy when television and radio artists are well paid, but also I am unhappy when television and radio artists are out of work. That you achieve the former at the expense of the latter is widely suspected; I don't know: but that much is widely alleged, and is certainly true of a number of other professions dominated by the elite through the instrumentality of unions. And anyway, all of this leaves out the question, Why did you require us to spend $150,000, and seven years in court, to do what you now admit the law required you to do all along? Yours faithfully,

WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Okay, I will not talk about the PC until the vote's over. But, in heaven's name, why does Senator Sarbanes keep calling it the "Unined States."

Somebody please tell him. Sincerely,

B. T. Mangano
Albany, New York

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Sorry about this, but I couldn't resist.

RIP
WFB
VIA
ERA. Yours truly,

Mrs. Wm. T. Greene
Augusta, Georgia

SIT
REX? WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

While sitting in De Paul's cafeteria between classes, I was approached by a Socialist Party member. I informed her that I am an anarchist and assumed that she would immediately leave. Quite the opposite happened, I am afraid. She greeted me like a long lost brother, until I explained to her that anarchists work for the total destruction of all governments. If this is impractical at the moment we will tolerate the least government. The look on her face went from joy to shock to anger when I pointed out that the only feasible economic system for anarchy is the dreaded capitalism.

About this time things were getting a little loud and she backed away shouting, "If you feel that way you probably vote Republican and read the NATIONAL REVIEW."

"Damn right," I yelled from on top of the table waving the latest issue.

With this little story out of the way, let me say that I am out of the financial doldrums and am enclosing a check for renewal. After all, I have an image to maintain. Sincerely,

John L. Collins
Park Ridge, Illinois

—WFB

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France: Winners & Losers

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

THE FRENCH ELECTORATE, on March 12 and 19, confirmed once more the universal law that no people freely chooses Communism. Even the Socialist coating provided by François Mitterrand and the Eurocommunist perfume sprayed by Georges Marchais were not enough to get French citizens to swallow the pill.

2. A number of post-election commentaries declared that the opinion polls were the big losers. For months all of them had reported a sufficient popular majority for the Common Front of the Left to assure its control of the new National Assembly. In the event, the Left lost the popular vote and ran 91 seats behind in the Assembly.

Nevertheless, I think it possible that the pre-election polls were accurate. It would not be out of character if some of the French had voted Left in opinion polls to scare the Establishment, without any intention of joining the Communists to overthrow it.

3. The governing Center–Right coalition can't find much joy in the outcome. It did not lose, but no one speaks of a "victory." To be repudiated by 49.3 per cent of your constituents is a less than ringing endorsement. Moreover, the 50.7 per cent majority was itself divided almost exactly through its middle between President Giscard d'Estaing's vaguely reform-minded centrist types and Jacques Chirac's neo-Gaullists. The rhetoric that held this amalgam together was considerably less than heroic: *Beat the Reds! Save the Franc!*

4. Still, we should not underestimate the negative significance of the outcome, not merely for France but for the Western alliance. The victory of the governing majority was frail and indecisive, but the government's defeat would have been a catastrophe. It was no false alarm this time: the wolves were there, at the threshold. If the Common Front had won, the French economy would have plunged rapidly into chaos, with political chaos a probable sequel in a relatively short time.

There would have been profound repercussions outside France. France's main trading partners would have felt the impact of France's economic derangement. The Western military structure would have been ravaged by the presence of the Communists at the core of the French regime. Now that the danger is past, for the moment, many will no doubt forget it, or will persuade themselves that it was much exaggerated for partisan advantage. In truth, the danger was, generally speaking, understated, and has undergone only a minor and temporary setback—perhaps no setback at all, on the deeper level of the protracted conflict.

The Spider Gets His Fly

5. If there was no clearcut winner in France last month, the Communist Party was the closest thing to it: not so much in the election itself, perhaps—though, all things considered, it didn't do too badly in the election—as in the larger political process of which the election was the most conspicuous feature. To win means to achieve your objectives. The Communist Party achieved the two primary objectives it had set for itself in Operation Common Front, neither of which was defined in election votes or Assembly seats.

These two objectives were: a) to reconsolidate and reassert leadership of the French Left, in particular of the French workers; b) to weaken and undermine the French Socialist Party and its leader, François Mitterrand. These objectives were correlated, since, in recent years, the nearly moribund postwar SFIO, reorganized as the Socialist Party, had been rapidly expanding its popular support under Mitterrand's leadership and was threatening a serious challenge to Communist domination of the Left. Up until last summer, with Mitterrand played up as the probable next Premier and the usual Communist criticism of the Socialists softened in the early phases of the Common Front–Eurocommunism strategy, the Socialist Party rose to nearly 30 per cent in the opinion polls, leaving the Communist Party 8 or 9 percentage points behind.

At the beginning of summer the Communists pulled the rug. Three months of fierce criticism of their panting ally were followed in September by the rupture of the Common Front, six months of unrelenting political attack, and a derisive deal for the second round of the voting to display the Socialists' shameless dependence on their tormentors. The actual Socialist vote was back at the level of four years ago, just about the same as the Communist vote. The Socialist challenge on the Left was repulsed. Mitterrand, the only Socialist leader of major national standing, was crippled beyond therapy. He could become head of state or government hereafter only as a lackey of the Establishment or of the Communist masters of the Left.

Lenin's Way

6. Mitterrand was trapped by the besetting Socialist weakness: longing for office, for the trappings of power. In his lust to become Premier he made an unprincipled compact with Mephistopheles Marchais, and thereby brought on himself, at the time of M. Marchais' choosing, the customary consequences. Not only is his own career wrecked, but his weakened party will be torn and split between its Marxist wing (CERES), infiltrated by the Communists under the shelter of the Common Front, and its social-democratic, reformist right wing, now tending toward a deal with Giscard and the Center.

7. Shortly after the War, Maurice Thorez, then boss of the French Communist Party, boasted that in the preceding decade his Party had made three 180-degree strategic turns without any significant losses—antiwar and disarmament to collective security (against Germany) in 1937; collective security to support of the Hitler-Stalin Pact and the demand for France's exit from the war, 1939; then to all-out war against Germany, 1941. Looking back at the turn to the Common Front, the break last September, and the renewed electoral deal in mid-March, Georges Marchais has proved himself a pupil worthy of his teacher. By whatever name, there's no mistaking the smell of authentic Leninism. □

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Ian Smith — An American-Rhodesian Perspective

JOHN DAVENPORT

I FIRST MET Ian Smith in the autumn of 1966, and I recall that his first question to me as we sat in his office off Cecil Square, Salisbury, was a quizzical: "Are you another American intellectual seeking to reform us?" From this inauspicious beginning, conversation turned amicably to Rhodesia's chances of surviving world ostracism and UN sanctions imposed as the result of its breakaway from the apron strings of the British Empire in the previous year. At the time, Smith was fairly sanguine about the prospects—a prognosis confirmed by my subsequent tour of Rhodesia's farms, mines, and factories, and by its remarkable development from 1966 onward.

But when I visited Rhodesia just a decade later, and again saw Smith, those euphoric years had drawn to a close. Soldiers in battle dress slipped in and out of the Meikles Hotel, and an ambitious project for enlarging that hostelry, plus other projects, remained uncompleted. The economy was obviously hurting, partly as the result of sanctions, much more because Western diplomacy had encouraged the Soviet-armed terrorist war then lapping across Rhodesia's northern and eastern frontiers. In view of that worsening war and the fall of Angola, Henry Kissinger had engaged in his famous shuttling, and in September of 1976 had offered Smith his bottom-line terms: Let Rhodesia finally accept the slippery and ill-defined principle of "majority rule" for its six million black inhabitants, and the U.S. would lift sanctions and use its good offices to wind down the terror.

Since Smith had not yet publicly accepted the package, and since my invitation to his home at Number 8 Chancellor Avenue was specifically "for a drink not an interview," conversation at first turned to trivia. Nursing a light scotch-and-water, Smith, greyer and even thinner than when we had first met, and tired from weeks of negotiation, allowed that he yearned for his ranch in Rhodesia's Midlands where, as he observed, "The cows don't ask questions." It was only as my wife and I prepared to leave that he probed the basic issue of detente in the face of mounting Soviet aggression. "I suppose that my trouble," he said softly, "is that I do not understand the West." The words hung in a peculiar way in the airy living room. It was almost as if he had asked: "Is there any longer a West to believe in?"

Many times since that evening I have asked myself the same haunting question. For the conduct of the West toward Rhodesia over the years has been quite incredible, and never more so than in recent months, when Smith in his own way and in his own time has been seeking to fulfill the basic terms of the Kissinger agreement by effecting with moderate black leaders an "internal solution" to Rhodesia's problems, rather than turning the country over to Communist-dominated terrorists. One would have assumed that the West in general and the U.S. in particular would embrace such a solution with open arms. Instead there has been constant bickering in Washington and the United Nations based to no small degree on the assumption that anything Ian Smith touches must be a racist "contrivance" and that the man himself, in the unguarded language of a senior State Department official, "reminds one of Thomas Jefferson—an agrarian who kept slaves!"

TWO TRANSIENT meetings and occasional brief correspondence with this soft-spoken and controversial man are obviously not enough to support more than an impression of his honesty and sincerity. But if one puts that impression together with first-hand observation of his country, with impressions of those who have known him, and with the unexpungeable record of political events in Rhodesia and Washington over recent years, one comes out with a picture very different from that usually painted. Ian Douglas Smith, born of Scottish parents in the pioneering town of Selukwe, Rhodesia on April 8, 1919, may not be the paragon of all virtues. But when the petty bureaucrats of Britain, the U.S., and the UN are forgotten, history may well mark him as the man who helped save the West from many of its emotional follies.

Fighting for what he considers to be the values of Western civilization is in any case not new to Ian Smith, which is one reason why today he walks with a slight limp, and why his face has a certain immobile quality, and why, if you look closely, there is a slight droop in one of his keen grey eyes. These physical scars were inflicted during World War II. While in his first year at Rhodes University in South

Mr. Davenport, author of U.S. Economy, *was formerly editor of* Barron's *and an editor of* Fortune.

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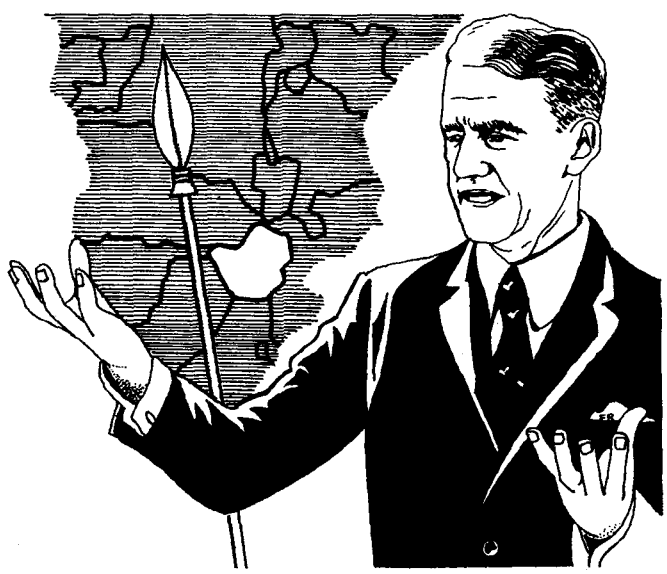
Africa, he enlisted (at age 23) in the Rhodesian Squadron of the British Royal Air Force. In 1943 he was assigned as a fighter pilot to Egypt. Taking off in the pre-dawn darkness for patrol over the Mediterranean, a fellow pilot recalls seeing the exhaust glow of Smith's Hurricane flare out; on returning from the mission, he saw wreckage—guns, radio set, and engine—strewn across the rough flying field. Smith had in fact tripped a bunker and, despite a flying harness with a breaking point of one ton, was flung head first against the instrument panel of his plane. Smith's superb physical condition pulled him through, and skillful facial surgery in Cairo's Scottish Hospital repaired, or nearly repaired, the damage.

For most volunteers this would have been enough, but Smith on recuperation rose to fight another day. In early 1944 he was assigned to strafing the German retreat up the Italian peninsula, this time in a Spitfire instead of a Hurricane. While on a near-ground-level strafing mission, Smith's plane was riddled by ack-ack fire and, as he has recalled, "There was only one thing I could do. I stepped out of the thing and landed in the Ligurian mountains." For a while he lived with Italian partisans and then, with three companions, made his way through the German positions and crossed the Alps in mid-winter on foot to find refuge within the American lines. There followed a "refresher" course in Shropshire, England, and Smith was off again to see service over Norway, Denmark, and Germany till the guns along the Western front fell silent.

Such a man does not give in easily. If today Smith is counted as a stubborn fellow by his critics, perhaps we could do with a little more of such stamina and stubbornness in war and in politics. As to the latter, Smith had spent many a long evening in the barracks chewing over with his companions what might be the future of the pioneer country they had left behind them, but these were little more than diversions. At the end of the war he returned to Rhodes University, took his degree in economics in 1946, was married to Janet Watt (a former South African schoolteacher and sister to the wife of Owen Horwood, currently South Africa's Minister of Finance), and settled down to what he thought would be the permanent life of a rancher.



But not for long. Rhodesia's politicians were at the time on the lookout for fresh talent and had marked Smith's war record and his quiet capacity for leadership. He was persuaded to run for Parliament on the Liberal ticket and won handsomely. In the next ten years, in various capacities and under various party labels, Smith made his way up the political ladder and in the process came to grips with the two main issues that had and have increasingly agitated his country. The first was how a minority of white settlers, today numbering no more than 270,000, should deal with an ever-growing black population which in its turn was sharply divided between the urbanized blacks and the much larger tribal communities, and between the two great tribes, the Mashona and the Matabele peoples. The second and interlocking issue was relations with the British Crown.

On one point Smith has never wavered: whatever the racial solution, the shots should be called by those who know the country and its inhabitants, not by distant bureaucrats and politicians

On the first of those questions, Smith grew up like most British settlers with the vague idea that privileged position entailed the duty to launch blacks into the twentieth century. Bit by bit this presumption hardened into the idea that political emancipation of the blacks must be evolutionary, not revolutionary. But on one point Smith has never wavered: whatever the racial solution, the shots should be called by those who know the country and its inhabitants, not by distant bureaucrats and politicians.

Rhodesia, founded in the 1890s by Cecil Rhodes's British South African Company, had become a self-governing British colony in 1923, with defense and internal security firmly lodged in Salisbury, and enjoyed all but Dominion status. At the end of World War II, Rhodesia could have had that status or even full independence for the asking had she not been diverted into an ill-advised attempt to federate with Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia) and with Nyasaland (now Malawi). When that federation flew to pieces in 1963, while Britain, responding to the "winds of change," was giving most of her colonies independence, Rhodesia looked for the same treatment. It was not to be. By then Britain was responding to the clamor from Commonwealth countries and the UN that white rule should end in all of Africa. In the case of Rhodesia, Britain made independence contingent on "enlargement" of the franchise, which in turn gradually hardened toward the mystic formula of "majority rule." In the lexicon of liberals, Ian Smith is a man who cannot be trusted to keep his word. In point of fact, it was Britain—first under Conservative leadership and then under Labor's loquacious Harold Wilson—which welched on implied promises. In November 1965 the sands of negotiation ran out. Despite frantic telephone calls from London, Ian Smith, by then Prime Minister, signed Rhodesia's fateful unilateral declaration of independence (UDI).

Critics there are who believe that this ultimate plunge with all its consequences could have been avoided with a

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little more dickering and patience. Smith himself has never subscribed to that view. The choice, in his judgment, lay between a kind of second-class independence and the real article, and between internal evolution toward a multiracial society and an externally imposed settlement with perhaps revolutionary consequences. "UDI," he has said, "gave us the best ten years of our life." And so matters at first proved, politically and economically, despite Britain's waspish declaration of economic war against Rhodesia and her appeal to the United Nations for succor in putting down what she termed a "rebellion," against which she herself had no handy Redcoats to send, as she had had in the case of the American Colonies in 1776. It did not take the Babel beside the East River long to come to Britain's rescue by declaring that Rhodesia's insurrection constituted a "threat to the peace:" hence she merited ostracism and universal sanctions against her commerce. In vain the late Dean Acheson pointed out to members of the American Bar Association: "It will surprise some of my fellow citizens, though hardly anybody here, to be told that the United States is today engaged in an international conspiracy, instigated by Britain and blessed by the United Nations, to overthrow the government of a country that has done us no harm and threatens no one. *This is bare-faced aggression unprovoked and unjustified by a single legal or moral principle.*"

Meanwhile, in Salisbury, Smith and his government stuck to legal and moral principles as they saw them. Rhodesia's new constitution included most of the provisions of the constitution of 1961, negotiated by Britain, which while restricting the franchise made no mention of race, creed, or color, and might have drawn plaudits from a Madison or a Jefferson. In 1969 that constitution was amended along more racial lines, with blacks voting for blacks and whites for whites. Yet as late as 1977 there were four black tribal leaders in Ian Smith's cabinet, an equal number of blacks and whites in Rhodesia's Senate, and 16 blacks *v.* fifty whites in Rhodesia's Assembly, with provision that black representation would advance at least to parity as the contribution of blacks to the national income rose (thanks to rising productivity and the spread of education).

This was surely not simon-pure democracy, but it was a far cry from the standard caricature of Rhodesia as a land where a racist minority grinds blacks under its heel. Moreover, economically speaking, the proof of the pudding lay in the eating. Between 1965 and 1975 Rhodesia staged a spectacular comeback which surprised her friends and excited the envy of her foes. In this period Rhodesia's GNP expanded on the average by 7 per cent per year, or faster than that of the U.S., as a consequence of the diversification of her agriculture from tobacco to maize, cotton, and cattle breeding, as well as heavy investment in mining, light industry, roads, public housing, and education. The result is that Rhodesia's literacy rate is the highest in all of Africa (except South Africa); and there are more blacks than whites in the fully integrated University of Rhodesia. As of today, blacks constitute over two-thirds of Rhodesia's fighting forces.

What ended these "best ten years of our life" was an event which neither Ian Smith nor other leaders in southern Africa could have averted—the collapse of Portugal's empire in 1974-75, with the rapid loss of its African possessions, Mozambique and Angola, to Communist domination, and the concomitant stepping up of external aggression across Rhodesian borders. Such attacks had begun in a small way in the early Seventies, when certain Rhodesian nationalist leaders, operating from Zambia, turned to terrorist tactics. The loss of Mozambique now exposed Rhodesia's long eastern flank to similar inroads, besides cutting her direct rail connections to the sea via Beira, which now became a port of entry for Soviet bazookas and other equipment destined to sustain "freedom fighters." Their notion of freedom was to kill Rhodesia's farmers and missionaries and, perhaps saddest of all, her black farm workers in their exposed "homelands." As Senator-Chiefs Jeremiah Chirau and Kayisa Ndiweni—leaders, respectively, of Rhodesia's great Mashona and Matabele tribes—put it: "There is no race war *within* Rhodesia. . . . The fight is between decent Rhodesians, black and white, and terrorists who are being directed and used by the forces of Communism."

The fall of Angola, though more distant geographically, brought less predictable but in the end no less untoward results. For it was the Russian-Cuban attack on Angola that persuaded the U.S. State Department, and specifically Henry Kissinger, that something more was required in

Smith recalls that at some point in the day's proceedings Kissinger graciously allowed that he had come "on the most unpleasant diplomatic mission of my life"

Africa than a balancing act wherein the U.S. sought to appease black African sentiment with sanctions against Rhodesia while treating the rest of the continent with benign neglect. In Salisbury there were no doubt high hopes that this "something more" would be a direct confrontation with the Soviets—the cutting off of U.S. grain and high-technology sales to Russia, for instance, or at least open encouragement for South Africa, whose troops late in 1975 were within striking distance of Angola's capital, Luanda, to march in and finish the job. Nothing remotely like this happened. In Washington, when he asked for aid for Angola, Kissinger was decisively turned down by a Congress still smarting from defeat in Vietnam. That tore it. Word flashed to South Africa that its veterans in Angola had best stand down, and presently they began their two-thousand-mile retreat to their camps in South West Africa. Concomitantly, the State Department dusted off a new, or as it turned out very old, tactic for holding states like Zaire and Zambia in the reputedly pro-Western camp. In the spring of 1976 Kissinger journeyed to Zambia, savored the spray of Victoria Falls, and then let go at Rhodesia: No mention of Rhodesia's economic and political progress from 1965 forward. No condemnation of terrorist atrocities. Instead his blunt warning was that Rhodesia must bow to black African demands for "majority rule" here and now or suffer slow strangulation.

However unfairly, the American giant had spoken, and in

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the next several months rhetoric was translated into action. In a whirlwind series of conferences Kissinger persuaded Prime Minister Vorster that South Africa's own self-interest lay in achieving peace without honor in Rhodesia. South Africa, itself threatened by UN sanctions, withdrew its helicopters from the Rhodesian front and, while purporting to follow strict and technically correct neutrality, put pressure on Smith to settle. When, on Saturday, September 18, Smith flew from Salisbury to Pretoria, ostensibly to watch a rugger match, he held few cards.

Next morning, as Sunday church bells chimed out in South Africa's capital, Smith and Kissinger met at the residence of the American Ambassador. On one account, Kissinger opened the meeting with a jocular, "Mr. Smith, I understand you are a slippery man," a sally that drew laughter from all parties. Smith himself recalls that at some point in the day's proceedings Kissinger graciously allowed that he had come "on the most unpleasant diplomatic mission of my life." In any case his technique was faultless:

—a painstaking analysis based on U.S. and South African intelligence estimates as to where Rhodesia would find herself six months or a year hence if the terrorist war continued;

—the promise of lifted sanctions and American good offices if the principle of "majority rule" were accepted;

—a more or less detailed written plan as to how a transition could be made to a new constitution, democratic elections, and full independence;

—and the assurance that all this had been cleared with the so-called "front-line presidents" of neighboring states, notably Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia and Julius Nyerere of Tanzania. Smith listened somberly and asked for time to mull over the "package." Toward dusk he and Kissinger met again, this time with Vorster at the latter's official home, Libertas, on the low hills overlooking the city. Smith, on one reliable British report, came swiftly to the point: "All I have to offer is my own head on a platter."

But not quite all. For in the hours of discussion Smith managed to insert into the package certain provisions which would make it more palatable to his constituency back home—specifically, that in the transition government whites would temporarily hold the key portfolios of internal security and defense. Moreover, it was agreed that after returning to Salisbury and consulting with his party, he should announce his rejection or acceptance of the agreement and should spell out its terms. This he did at the end of the week in a low-keyed television address to his country, stressing that his acceptance of the proposal was made on condition that Britain and the U.S. fulfill their part of the bargain as regards the lifting of sanctions. By then Kissinger, having touched base again with Rhodesia's bellicose neighbors, was in full flight over the western Atlantic toward Washington. As Smith's flat voice came over the scratchy radio, younger members of Kissinger's entourage cheered and ordered an extra drink. The Secretary himself remained peculiarly solemn and impassive—a scowling Buddha—perhaps because, more than most men, Kissinger knew that in the case of Rhodesia he was tampering with an outpost of civilization; perhaps for more mundane reasons.

His reserve in any case was fully justified. Forty-eight hours after the broadcast the front-line presidents, under powerful pressure from the Soviets, let go a broadside of criticism, and in effect reneged on whatever they had agreed to during Kissinger's shuttling. Britain, and later the State Department, allowed that most of the terms of the agreement were "negotiable" at a conference to be held outside of Rhodesia. With that, the whole package unraveled. There followed the abortive Geneva conference, where it turned out that the black "nationalist" Rhodesian leaders were themselves hopelessly split as between the forces of the moderate Bishop Muzorewa, and those of the "Patriotic Front" of Joshua Nkomo and the implacable Robert Mugabe, a self-admitted Marxist, who claimed control of most of the terrorist forces in Mozambique. There followed, too, the futile efforts of the pipe-smoking British ambassador to the UN, Ivor Richards, to put Humpty Dumpty back on the wall. Finally, in September of 1977, a new British-American "initiative" was announced. In effect it asked for the capitulation of the "illegal" Smith regime. A British administrator, Lord Carver, would be moved into Salisbury until a new Rhodesian constitution could be adopted; his regime would be bolstered by a United Nations peace-keeping force (presumably consisting largely of Nigerians). Meanwhile Rhodesia's own armed forces would somehow be integrated with those of the terrorists, with the latter, on the word of Britain's Foreign Secretary David Owen, holding the upper hand.

Predictably, Smith received this "initiative" coolly, and presently wrote it off as "mad," since it would give the terrorists precisely what they wanted—a takeover of the country. Already he was working on a better way to solve his country's difficulties, an "internal settlement" based on the unwavering conviction that any settlement must be made "by and for Rhodesians." Such Rhodesians were by now at hand, though their combination under the pressure of war and necessity made for strange bedfellows: the diminutive Bishop Muzorewa, with whom Smith had vainly

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negotiated in the Sixties, but who now commands by far the largest black following in Salisbury; the Reverend Sithole, once accused of plotting Smith's death, but who is now violently opposed to the terrorists; and, finally, the towering Chief Chirau, who had served in Smith's cabinet and now heads an independent party of his own, and who may well become the anchor-man in Rhodesia's politics despite jibes from critics that he is no more than an "Uncle Tom" (a cross which our own Booker T. Washington had to learn to bear). Bit by bit these negotiators found common ground.

EARLY LAST MONTH a final settlement was signed which followed closely the terms of the Kissinger proposal: it called for a transitional interim government ruled by an Executive Council consisting of Smith and the three black leaders, with chairmanship rotating, plus a racially mixed cabinet of ministers. A promised constitution provided universal suffrage and, indeed, one-man/one-vote, but also gave the white minority certain political protections for the next ten years. Free elections were to be held as soon as possible, with the provision that the Patriotic Front could participate in the elections if they renounce their terrorist tactics. In the meantime, control of Rhodesia's fighting forces would rest in the hands of the interim government.

What more, asks Smith, can the West want?—a good question. Incredibly, London and Washington hesitated and dithered. For one thing, there are those in Whitehall and Foggy Bottom who make it their business to distrust "Smithie." For another, the internal settlement caused a furor in the United Nations, which has already passed a resolution condemning it out of hand. The third and more rational explanation for Washington's hesitancy is that since the Salisbury accord was made without, and in defiance of, the terrorist leaders, it will not put an end to the war. This is probably true as far as it goes, but it overlooks the fact that the way to deal with bandits is not necessarily to admit them into the house. It also overlooks the fact that the U.S. could deflate the terrorist cause by halting its decade-long "aggression" (Dean Acheson's term) against Rhodesia and unilaterally lifting sanctions against Salisbury. But Cyrus Vance and Jimmy Carter have brushed aside this obvious option. Behind their hesitancy it is not difficult to perceive fears that if the U.S. dealt thus justly with Rhodesia, Russia might throw in fresh armament and Cuban troops, leading to outright confrontation. In the days of Neville Chamberlain there was a word for such poltroonery, namely, appeasement.

All this may change, but today's U.S. policy toward Rhodesia troubles many Americans. It is likewise troubling, we may be sure, to the ex-fighter pilot from Selukwe, who confesses that he does not "understand" the West. What, in conclusion, of him?

When the accord with the black moderates was signed in Salisbury under the portrait of Cecil Rhodes, it was noticeable that Smith was stony-faced, spreading his hands out in a gesture of resignation rather than celebrating the victory with the jubilation of the rest of the participants. In a subsequent interview he stated flatly: "I have come to this solution because I had no other option." From which critics might deduce that Smith is still their much maligned "racist" at heart, who now concludes his career as no better than a political trimmer.

Such evaluation will really not do. Smith is scarcely one to underrate the importance of race in shaping human destiny. But over the years he has sought to disentangle that thorny issue from popular liberal slogans that have in fact little to do with it and have worked great harm. He is still a believer in the qualified franchise for blacks and whites alike, for the same reasons the founders of the American Republic believed in it. His frequent sallies against the panacea of "one-man/one-vote" rest on the conviction that what matters in politics is not the counting of heads but what goes on in the heads counted. He is that strange phenomenon in our day—a man who believes that the test of government is not just how it is elected but whether it is capable of ruling for good or ill. He perhaps came closest to expressing his ideal when he termed it "meritocracy," where men are judged not by the color of their skin but by what they stand for and how they conduct themselves. In short, for him politics cannot be divorced from standards and the maintenance of civilized *values*.

BUT POLITICS IS THE ART of the possible, and, given the world as it is, not as it might be, the possible is not always, indeed is rarely, synonymous with the best. In shaping his course Smith has had to adapt not only to the realities of his own country—tribal differences and suspicions not least among them—but also to the realities of the wider world. In beating down opposition within his own party from diehards and men of the extreme Right, Smith recently reminded his hearers that anyone who thinks that the Rhodesia of the Seventies can be the Rhodesia of the Fifties and Sixties is living in a fairyland and needs his head examined. Smith will have no truck with Communism, which he believes is out to subvert most of Africa. By its very location, trade connections, and human relations, Rhodesia can prosper only as a member of the community of Western nations from which it was born. When that community, through Kissinger, demanded a New Deal in Rhodesia, Smith accepted the verdict, asking only that the West fulfill solemn commitments made. If that happens, if sanctions are promptly lifted with the formation of a new interim government, Smith may well have turned necessity into opportunity. For Rhodesia has one thing going for it that is lacking in other African states which have confused justice for blacks with the questionable doctrine of one-man/one-vote; namely, long years of fairly relaxed racial relations and the fact that whites and blacks have been fighting shoulder to shoulder against a common enemy. As a result, the new Zimbabwe, if backed by the West, may show the way to something new under the African sun, a stable society where both races find their common homeland.

A political trimmer? Maybe. But maybe, too, the celebrated aphorism of Lord Halifax applies: "I trim as the temperate zone trims between the climate in which men are roasted and the climate in which they are frozen." As it happens, Rhodesia, and specifically Selukwe, to which Smith will one day be returning, is endowed with precisely that climatic blessing. □

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LETTER FROM ROME

Looking-Glass Eurocommunism

MARY MARTÍNEZ

HOURS AFTER THE five bodyguards of Aldo Moro had been mowed down with 83 bullets from Russian and Czech guns, Italy's Communist-dominated trade unions conjured up massive rallies in all the principal cities to show solidarity with the kidnapped Christian Democratic leader, their podiums flying the red flag of the Soviet Union. Such is the atmosphere of make-believe in Italy today that nobody batted an eye.

The recent government crisis, the 36th and longest since the fall of Fascism, was an exercise in make-believe. It was instigated by Ugo La Malfa, 75, president of the tiny, very influential Partito Repubblicano Italiano, which, along with four other parties, had been supporting Giulio Andreotti's Christian Democratic government by agreeing to go along with the curious *non-sfiducia* (non-no-confidence) formula. Suddenly, last November, La Malfa declared that *non-sfiducia* was no longer adequate and that a new set-up must be devised which would bring the Italian Communist Party (PCI) into active participation in the government. The reason, he said, was that the country was undergoing an unprecedented economic and social crisis.

The reason was make-believe. For at least a decade, Italians have been living in a state of chronic economic and social crisis; that the situation reached any kind of climax in November 1977 is not true. On the contrary, economically, at least, things had been looking up. After three disastrous years, inflation, which was running at an annual rate of 22 per cent at the beginning of 1977, had cooled to 15 per cent. The number of work-hours lost to strikes was down by one-third. The lira had steadied. Most of the fugitive capital had been repatriated, and the year would end with a trade surplus of $2.5 billion, the first surplus in six years. Clearly, La Malfa's crisis-cloud wafted in from abroad, probably alongside the plane of Enrico Berlinger, returning from Moscow.

Had the Kremlin told the PCI leader that his hour had come? More likely, considering what had been happening to Communism in Italy, they had advised him to make a grab for power before things got worse. At any rate, there followed the pronouncement of Ugo La Malfa, the media's urgent warning that the nation was in a state of emergency, weeks of political talk, and the resignation of Andreotti and his cabinet. The 36th crisis was on.

The results, after 54 days, would appear to be meager. If La Malfa's intention was to help Berlinguer take over the country, his effort went wide of the mark. The fact is, the PCI had already taken over too much for its own good. The reason for the recent would-be putsch was not an emergency in the Italian economy but an emergency in the Italian Left. The Communist Party had been unwell for over a year; its ailment—Eurocommunism.

Intent for decades on becoming an acceptable presence in the democratic structures of the country, the PCI had sped up the process after the 1974 divorce referendum and subsequent PCI election victories. Starting from its solid power base as controller of the trade-union movement, the Party moved into all the lower rungs of government. By mid-1976, every major city and most smaller cities had Communist mayors. Communists—alone, or in coalition with the Socialists—dominated the majority of municipal councils. They ran the agricultural and small-industry cooperatives, the parent-teacher-student committees, and the great majority of neighborhood councils in the metropolitan areas. In their zeal to penetrate the Establishment, the PCI had become the Establishment.

The first to become disenchanted with the course the Party was taking were the young. Their protest exploded in February of last year, when students drove the top Communist trade-union leader out of Rome university with rocks and insults. The *autonomi*, a rebel Marxist movement, was born, and it spread fast to universities and even high schools up and down the peninsula. With their own radio station and well-printed weekly, the *autonomi* dominate the important faculties of the university. Forbidden to demonstrate, they have spent nearly every Saturday afternoon raging through the city, leaving a trail of wrecked political offices, burned automobiles, overturned buses and injured policemen. On March 11, 15,000 *autonomi* marched through the streets of Bologna, and authorities put a heavy cordon of police between the marchers and PCI headquarters.

DURING THE RECENT governmental crisis, Enrico Berlinguer talked a good deal about "the unceasing electoral advances of the Communists." His use of the word "unceasing" was make-believe. Even as he spoke, contemptuous *autonomi* wall posters were showing the PCI leader dressed in an SS uniform. If his latest bid for sharing power with the Christian Democrats failed, that failure was due largely to the *autonomi*, to whom the catchword "historic compromise" is as odious as it is to the Right. In a climate of dissension, bargaining for position in the 37th postwar government must have been awkward for PCI leaders, who dared not push for early elections. Not only were students, the 18- to 25-year-old voters, defecting, but the schism had spread to the factories. For months now, against pleas for austerity from Communist union bosses, breakaway worker groups have been intensifying wage demands and strike action. After so many years of incitement, switching off cannot be done in a day.

If there is a moral in the 36th-crisis story, it is that honest revolutionaries who insist on becoming part of European bourgeois democratic structures will find it a debilitating experience. They can have their revolution or they can have their democratic structures. The idea of Eurocommunism is make-believe. □

Miss Martínez, a frequent NR *contributor, lives in Rome.*

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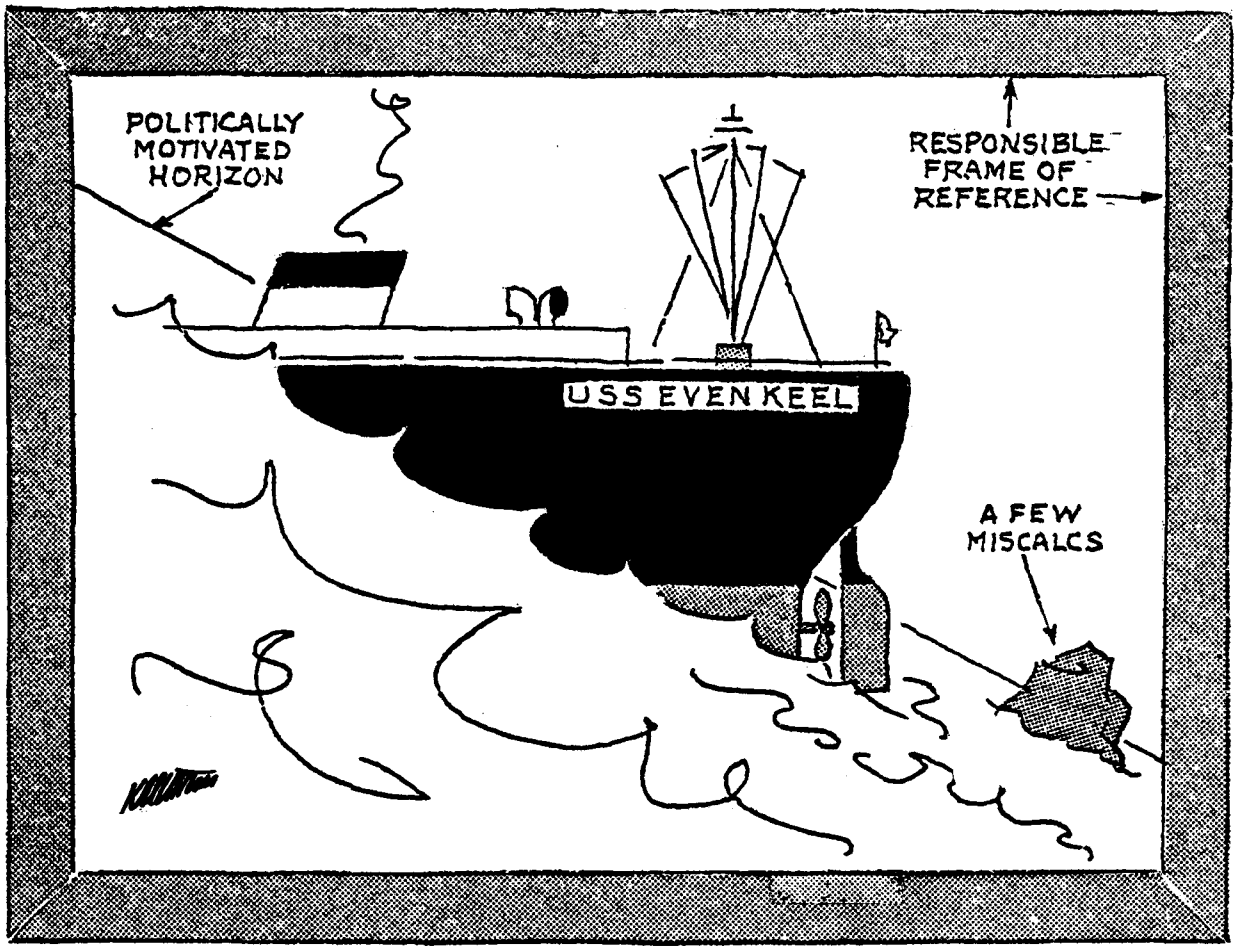
THE SITUATION ISN'T SO BAD IF YOU LOOK
AT IT THE RIGHT WAY



From Authorized Pre-"Edited" version of *The Boggle*, by John Kreuttner

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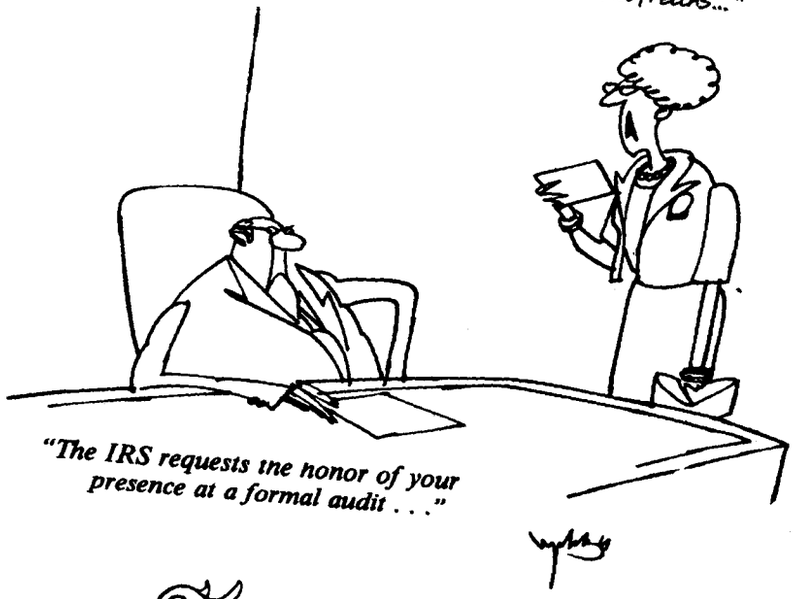
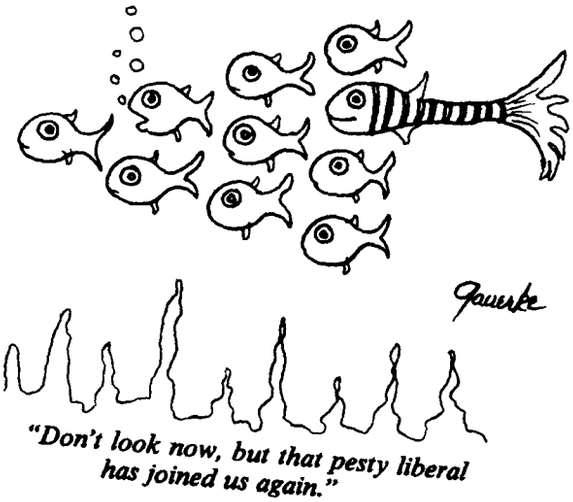
" THIS MIGHT BE A GOOD TIME FOR A COOLING-OFF PERIOD, FELLAS... "



"The IRS requests the honor of your presence at a formal audit . . ."



"Don't look now, but that pesty liberal has joined us again."

Lawyers and Asses

"Why does a hearse horse snicker hauling a lawyer away?" —Carl Sandburg

Judge and jury in their places,
Lawyers plead their clients' cases.
One pleads innocence, one guilt
(One is lying to the hilt).
Which one is it, pro or con?
Jury judges thereupon.
Do we know who lied then? Never;
Only which has been more clever.

CORRINNA MARSH

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POWER USURPED

Since his book questions whether the Court is empowered to act as an instrument of revolution, Professor Berger anticipated some criticism. What he didn't anticipate was the level of the criticism

Academe vs. the Founding Fathers

RAOUL BERGER

"THE MOST IMMEDIATE constitutional crisis of our present time," wrote Professor Philip Kurland, is "the usurpation by the Judiciary of general governmental powers on the pretext that its authority derives from the Fourteenth Amendment." Almost fifty years earlier, Justice Holmes expressed the "more than anxiety" he felt because, "As the decisions now stand, I see hardly any limit but the sky to the invalidation of [the constitutional rights of the states] if they happen to strike a majority of this Court for any reason as undesirable. I cannot believe that the amendment was intended to give us *carte blanche* to embody our economic or moral beliefs in its prohibitions." Time and again Justice Black inveighed against the Court's unconstitutional exercise of the amending power, as did Justice Harlan. My *Government by Judiciary: The Transformation of the Fourteenth Amendment* assembled the evidence that undergirds such views, and demonstrated that the Court has exercised a revisory power that the Constitution withheld from it.

That there should be differences of opinion about this view was to be expected. For a generation academicians have been cheering on the Court to ever more heroic feats, and the Court, as former Justice Abe Fortas wrote, has triggered "an economic, social, and cultural revolution." Since I question, in that book, whether the Court is empowered to act as an instrument of "revolution," I anticipated that academicians who were enamored of the judicial *results*—never mind their legitimacy—would vigorously defend the role of the Court. What was unexpected was the denigratory tone of their rebuttals, a tone unworthy of scholarly discourse. But Professor Charles Steinberg has since written that Academe "can be a jungle," where academicians are driven by "a deadly combination of ruthless ambition and sheer malevolent, sadistic pleasure" in "the demolition of a colleague's paper or reputation." As Exhibit I, I begin with Professor Arthur S. Miller.

I

One of the hoariest tactics of a debater with a weak case is to distract attention by ridiculing and attacking the opposition. Miller (*Washington Post*, November 13, 1977) makes no attempt to state fairly, still less to meet, the case presented by my study but resorts instead to invective. He charges me with "lawyer's history," with an "antiquarian viewpoint," with "a puerile theory of interpretation," with viewing the Constitution "through the narrow eyes of a legal mechanic." He sneeringly refers to me as "an ex-Washington lawyer turned legal historian," when in fact my historical studies go back to 1934 and won high praise from Dean Wigmore and Justice Cardozo.

In Miller's eyes my glaring sin is "reliance on the Framers' intention as the only proper standard of interpretation." More accurately, I hold that if the intention is clear, it governs. For Miller "the relevance today of those who wrote the Constitution is questionable at best"; "we need not be bound by history"; "the Founding Fathers . . . cannot rule us from their graves." Yet Justice Horace Gray held that "all questions of constitutional construction [are] largely a historical question." No Justice has baldly asserted that the Framers' intention is irrelevant; to this day the Justices have repeatedly affirmed that they are seeking to give effect to the intention of the Framers. Miller is more royalist than the king.

He urges that "To interpret [the Constitution] in the same manner as, say, a contract or even statute is to forget that it is the fundamental law." A "fundamental law" that can be made to mean anything the Justices choose to make it, even in direct contradiction of the plain intention of its Framers, is no "law" at all; it is the fiat of a caliph dispensing justice under a tree, which even Miller rejects. He recognizes that the decisions of the Court "reflect the values of the Justices, dressed up in lawyer's language." But Judge Skelly Wright, in penning a defense of the Warren Court against "self-appointed scholastic mandarins," stated, "Constitutional choices are in fact different from ordinary decisions . . . the most important value-choices have already been made by the Framers of the Constitution." Miller would supplant those choices, ratified by the people, with those of the nonelected Justices. In thrusting aside the dead hands of the Framers he thrusts aside the Constitution.

The Constitution is a charter of delegated powers, drafted by a people who dreaded power and sought to "fence" it about. In Jefferson's words, they sought to bind down their delegates from "mischief" by the "chains of the

Professor Berger, whose Government by Judiciary *was reviewed in the March 3 issue of* NR, *is a Senior Fellow of the Harvard Law School.*

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Constitution." Those "chains" were fashioned out of words, and, if the Court is free to read "black" as "white," the chains are reduced to cobwebs. Miller's euphemisms disguise a claim of judicial power to rewrite the Constitution. He maintains that "It is far too late in our history to say that amendment is the only proper way to change the Constitution. Our government could not operate without extra-constitutional adjustments [by the Judiciary] in the original framework." Nixon too thought that "national security" required "extra-constitutional" power. It is never too late to complain of usurpation; power withheld cannot be wrung out of its wrongful exercise, no matter how long continued. As Hamilton said, "An agent cannot new model his own commission."

Article V confides the power of amendment to the people themselves, and then only by prescribed procedures. Elbridge Gerry, one of the Framers, explained the obvious—it was meant to be exclusive. When Miller claims for the Court power to amend the Constitution, he voices a claim that the Court has never dared to assert; instead it has "dressed up [the fact] in lawyer's language."

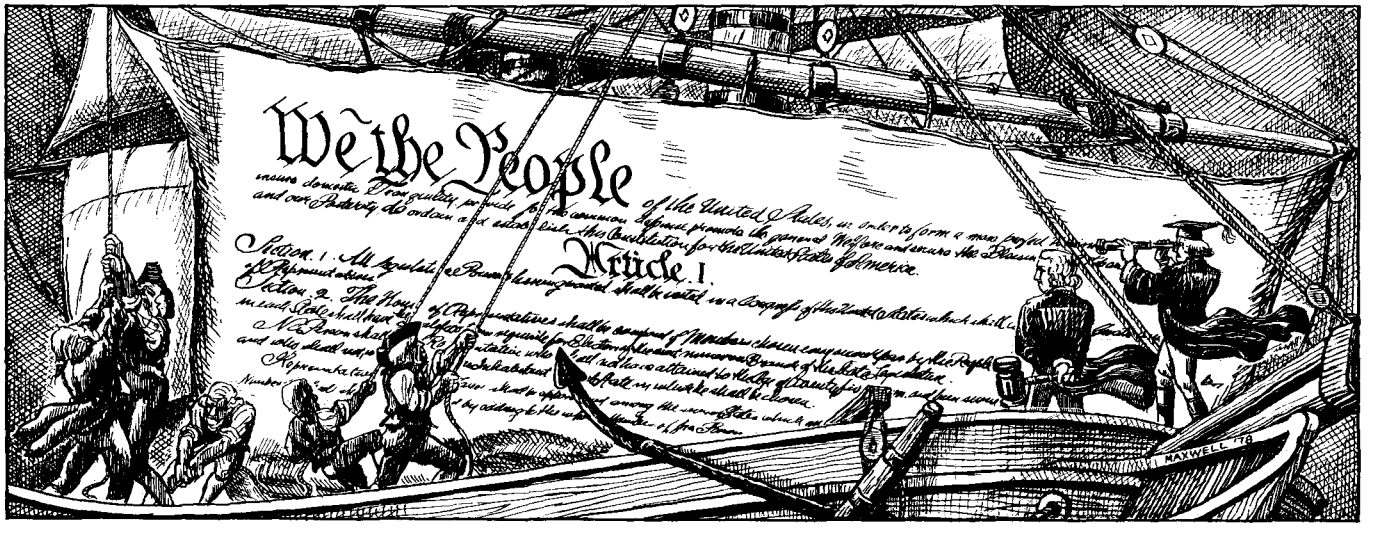
But enough of abstractions; let me show how the Warren Court flouted the intention of the Framers of the Fourteenth Amendment in constructing the doctrine of (to use Justice Douglas' phrase) "one person, one vote." Space permits recital of only a few out of a host of facts. In 1865-68, Justice Brennan has stated, 17 Northern states rejected universal suffrage. Senator William Fessenden, Chairman of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction of both Houses, said that there is not "the slightest probability that [suffrage] will be adopted by the states." Consequently they resorted to Paragraph 2 of the Amendment, which permits the states to *deny* suffrage but to suffer a reduction of representation in the House of Representatives in consequence. The Joint Committee Report explained that the states would not "surrender a power they had exercised," hence it was best to "leave the whole question with the people of each state."

Judicial Fabrication

By its "one person, one vote" doctrine, the Court clearly reversed the unmistakable choice of the people. As a matter of abstract justice the decision was impeccable; nonetheless, as Justice Harlan correctly charged, it represents an undeniable amendment of the Constitution in direct contradiction of the Framers' intention. Harlan's proof, said Miller's own former colleague, Professor Robert Dixon, is "overpowering." Whence does Miller derive judicial power to revise the Constitution, to substitute the Court's own policy choices for those of the people?

Miller relies on "the delphic words of the Fourteenth Amendment." It might suffice to quote Justice Holmes's statement that when a legislature, and *a fortiori* the people, "has expressed its will, however indirectly, . . . that will should be recognized and obeyed." The Framers plainly expressed their will to exclude suffrage, and that will should be given effect. Miller's generalities discreetly ignore such facts. In truth, the view that "due process of law," for example, is "delphic," is drawn out of thin air. For years scholars have agreed that the transformation of "due process" from a standard of *procedure in the courts* to an instrument for the overthrow of *legislation* is a judicial fabrication.

The Founders were clear enough as to the meaning of the phrase. On the eve of the Constitutional Convention, in 1787, Hamilton declared: "The words 'due process' have a precise technical import, and are only applicable to the process and proceedings of the courts of justice; they can never be referred to an act of the legislature." Under the mantle of such "delphic" phrases the Court hides the fact that—as Frankfurter wrote President Franklin Roosevelt—it is the "Justices who speak and not the Constitution," as is confirmed by their rebuff of Justice Jackson's plea in the midst of the desegregation case to tell the people that the Court "was declaring new law for a new day." In his study of the case, Richard Kluger explains that it was unreasonable to ask the Court to admit that "there was no judicial basis for its decision," that "it was acting in a frankly unjudicial way." And for a Justice to ask that was not "unreasonable"; it was suicidal. Disclosure would have raised a storm of disapproval; it would have destroyed the myth that the Court speaks as the voice of the Constitution rather than as the voice of the Justices' own "values." Were the people aware that the rules imposed upon them represent choices of the Justices, not the Framers, they would



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insist upon a return to self-government; they would prefer the Constitution—"frozen in time," in Miller's derisive phrase—to the ungoverned, illimitable law-making of the Justices.

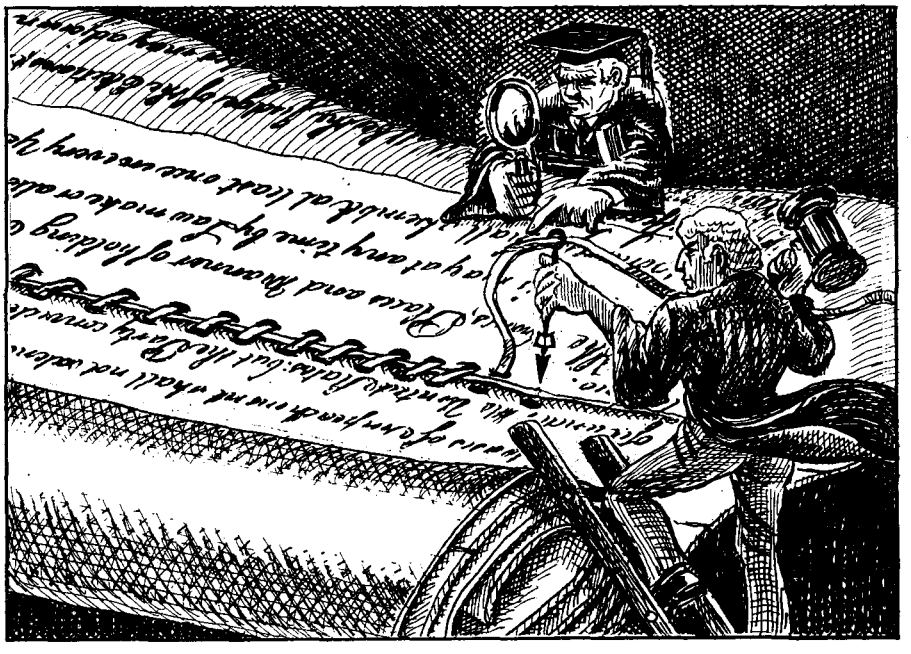
II

Paul Brest—a young man in a hurry—dismisses my study as a "simplistic and myopic argument, and a wrong conclusion" (*New York Times*, December 11, 1977). The faulty inferences and misrepresentations of fact which stud his review furnish shaky scaffolding for such charges.

Although only nine pages of my 450-page book are devoted to desegregation, Brest entitles his review "Berger *v.* Brown," explaining that "Berger is almost alone in arguing that the Court erred in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*—the 1954 case that struck down laws forbidding black and white children to attend the same schools." This is a demagogic appeal to the prejudice of those who assume out of hand that what is desirable is constitutional, a test rejected by the Framers and by Chief Justice Marshall. Nor is the issue to be settled by a count of noses, but rather by resort to the history of the Fourteenth Amendment. Brest himself acknowledges that when the Amendment was drafted in 1866 "the nation was not ready to eliminate" segregation. The late Alexander Bickel, whom Brest holds up to me as a model, stated, "It is impossible to conclude that the 39th Congress intended that segregation be abolished; impossible also to conclude that they foresaw it might be, under the language they were adopting."

How then does Brest deduce that the words "equal protection" embody "an ideal of racial equality"? He himself has stated that to read a word that had one meaning when the Constitution was framed in light of a different modern usage of the word "would certainly be a change of meaning (and an improper one at that)." Why, then, should words used by the Framers—e.g., "equal protection"—against a background of intention to exclude a specific subject—suffrage—fare worse? Even in 1954 the "ideal of racial equality" was not too widely shared, for a fellow idealist, Professor Edmond Cahn, acknowledged that "it would have been impossible to secure adoption of a constitutional amendment to abolish 'separate but equal'." Thus my "myopia" consists in questioning the Court's right to substitute its own predilections for the choices of the Framers. Since Judge Learned Hand also regarded *Brown* as a "*coup de main*," I am hardly to be read out of the society of scholars for concurring in that conclusion.

To my demonstration that the Fourteenth Amendment was designed to "embody" the narrow objectives of the antecedent Civil Rights Act of 1866, which did not include either suffrage or mixed schools, Brest replies that "*some* legislators claimed the Amendment did not go beyond the Civil Rights Act, others . . . described its broad clauses in equally broad terms." Actually the overwhelming majority thought as did George Latham: the Act "covers exactly the same ground as this Amendment." Horace Flack's history of the Amendment confirms that "Nearly all said it was but an incorporation of the Civil Rights Bill . . . there was no controversy as to its purpose or meaning." They were treated as "essentially identical," wrote the distinguished historian Charles Fairman. And so were they represented to the electorate.



Brute Facts

But Brest finds an "obvious difficulty": "Why didn't the drafters take the direct route of incorporating the Act's language in the Amendment?" By that test judicial review itself is fatally flawed, for it is not expressly provided for. When William Crosskey challenged the legitimacy of judicial review on that ground, Professor Henry Hart scornfully retorted, "Professor Crosskey is a devotee of that technique of interpretation which reaches its apogee of persuasiveness in the triumphant question, 'If that's what they meant, why didn't they say so?' " The answer, to borrow from Justice Holmes, is that "it is not an adequate discharge of duty for courts to say, 'We see what you are driving at but you have not said it.' " Then too, constitutional drafting calls for the utmost compression, not the prolixity of a code, as Bickel appreciated, remarking that "enumeration of the rights in the Act" presumably was considered "inappropriate in a constitutional provision." And Brest's question—why did the Framers instead "prohibit the states from denying 'equal protection of the laws' "?—ignores my demonstration that those words were wedded by the Framers to the narrow objectives of the Act. They could hardly mean desegregation when, by Brest's own testimony, "the nation was not yet ready to eliminate [it]."

Both Miller and Brest avoid the brute facts—e.g., the massive evidence that suffrage was excluded from the Amendment—which led me to conclude with Justice Harlan, Brest's beloved mentor, that the Warren Court's

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"one person, one vote" lacked all historical justification. Brest's colleague, Professor Gerald Gunther, wrote that "most constitutional lawyers agree." On this score Justice Harlan declared, "When the Court *disregards the express intent* and understanding of the Framers, it has invaded the realm of the political process to which the amending power was committed, and it has violated the constitutional structure which it is its highest duty to protect." (*Emphasis added.*) Am I to be excommunicated for agreeing with Justice Harlan?

Like Miller, Brest considers that my cardinal sin is insisting that "the constitutional interpretation should depend chiefly on the intent of those who framed and adopted a provision." He prefers the view that "whatever the Framers' expectation may have been, broad constitutional guarantees [e.g., equal protection] require the Court to discern, articulate, and apply values that are widely and deeply held by our society." For him the "touchstone . . . is not the intent of people long since dead, but the consent of the living," which he discovers in the "processes of appointing judges and carrying out their decisions."

Judges are appointed to "defend the Constitution," not to revise it. What Brest is arguing for is ratification of judicial revision by popular inertia, for he points to no other index of the "consent of the living." But Hamilton, the great apologist for judicial review, declared that the Constitution is binding "until the people have, by some solemn and authoritative act, annulled or changed the established form . . . and no presumption, or even knowledge of their sentiments, can warrant their representatives in a departure from it, prior to such an act." It is no answer to invoke Chief Justice Marshall's dictum that the Constitution was "to be adapted to the various crises of human affairs," because Marshall categorically disclaimed the interpretation of his dictum as "the assertion of a [judicial] right to change" the Constitution. After Professor Gunther discovered this disclaimer, he observed that "ritual invoking of Marshall's authority" no longer should serve to bolster the argument for unlimited discretion. Unlike its apologists, the Court has never openly laid claim to a power to amend the Constitution. Instead, as former Solicitor General Robert Bork wrote, "Value choices are attributed to the Founding Fathers, not the Court." And, he comments, such statements indicate the Court's awareness of what "its customers demand," that is, effectuation of the Framers' design, not substitution of a non-polled "consent of the living."

Justice Holmes's "more than anxiety" about unlimited judicial policy-making under a Constitution that confers no unlimited power cannot be laughed away; and it is a disservice to the American people to delude them into thinking they have surrendered self-government to the Court. □

Arise, Ye Prisoners of

MUCH HAS BEEN written in recent years on black, women's, gay, and animal liberation—phony issues, all of these, because they ignore the basic form of bigotry that is responsible for all the evils of our rotten society. The Establishment has tried to satisfy us with these sops so that the fundamental prejudice that supports the decadent Western so-called culture can remain untouched. But even such timid beginnings presage a day when this injustice will be laid bare and eliminated by progressive thinkers. For the day is coming when slavery and vivisection will seem enlightened in comparison to the oppressive ontological chauvinism of the twentieth century. Though many crimes have been committed against blacks, women, homosexuals, and animals, no one tries to deny that there are such entities. *But who speaks for the non-existent?*

Recent studies have shown that over 99 per cent of all Americans are beingists. This insidious prejudice colors our everyday language: we speak cruelly and thoughtlessly of "a figment of the imagination" or "a nonentity," perpetuating the stereotype of the non-existent as worthless. We inculcate our children with this prejudice when we insist that their imaginary playmates are, for some unexplained reason, of less value than their real ones. And while blacks and women have been placated with the right to vote, the non-existent are still denied the most elementary political rights, simply because of the accident of their non-birth.

It would take far too much space to trace this beingist prejudice—this distrust of everything different from us and from anything else—from its source. Aristotle, the mentor of that fascist imperialist Alexander of Macedon, must receive much of the blame for injecting this death-dealing philosophy into Western thought. Beingism was, of course, a convenient tool for priestly bigots during the Dark Ages, and the reactionary monk Anselm did not hesitate to make use of it in his ontological proof of the existence of God. "And assuredly," he wrote, "that, than which nothing greater can be conceived, cannot exist in the understanding alone. For, suppose it exists in the understanding alone: then it can be conceived to exist in reality: which is greater." Here we see the unproven assertion that it is better to exist than not to exist—the very basis of ontological chauvinism. This prejudice began to taint American political philosophy when the notorious slaveowner and beingist Jefferson wrote that "All men are created equal"—relegating to second-class citizenship all who have not had the privilege of being created.

OUR ATTITUDES toward the non-existent have, until recently, given little cause for hope to the inhabitants of the void, but there are promising signs of change. Though none of our politicians has yet had the courage to denounce beingism publicly, there have been a number of progressives who have courageously spoken out on behalf of such individual non-existences as the innocence of Alger Hiss and the virtue of Mao Tse-tung. It surely cannot be long before our children will be bused to imaginary schools.

—GEORGE L. MURPHY

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TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

Yale's Party of the Right

RICHARD BROOKHISER

DESSERT IS removed, and a young man gavels the meeting to order. He looks no different from any other presiding officer, except that around his neck he wears a three-hundred-year-old golden medal, struck in honor of Charles I.

In the last weekend in January, some half a hundred people, including the chairman of the Harris County Republican Party (Houston), the former research director of the Reagan campaign, a legislative counsel for the Senate GOPolicy Committee, and the former Executive Editor of *Libertarian Review*, met in New Haven, Connecticut. An editor of Arlington House, the nation's leading Tolkien scholar, and M. Stanton Evans sent their regrets. They had been invited, not for a junior-varsity seven days in May, but to attend the 25th annual banquet of the organization of which they were all members—the Party of the Right.

The Party of the Right made its appearance in the Yale Political Union when the chairman of the Conservative Party declared for Adlai Stevenson. Though resembling the other parties at first, the POR came gradually to distinguish itself, until it now enjoys debates, toasting sessions, elective membership, an annual orgy (bacchanalian, not priapic), and a secret constitution.

A self-descriptive song is proposed, "The Extremist Hymn," to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic":

Extremists are the people to the right of Chester Bowles,
For they don't believe in giving in to socialism's goals.
They don't even favor foreign aid for Yugoslavs and Poles.
I'll track down every one.

Aside from its frivolities, the POR differs from the typical conservative college organization—say, the campus YAF chapter—chiefly in being nonpolitical. Members are usually activists; in each great commotion of the last ten years—the War, the Bobby Seale trial, the Shockley–Rusher debates—Party members supplied whatever antiradical alternatives there were at Yale; but the Party as a whole takes no political stands.

Its purpose instead is to fill the gap first noted by William Buckley (class of '50) in *God and Man at Yale*—the lack, at a modern liberal university, of conservative thought and discussion. Buckley had hoped that alumni, asserting their control, would reinstate traditional values university-wide; but this they have so far failed to do, and Yale's conservatives—libertarians, traditionalists, Randians, ultramontanists—have had to fall back on their own devices.

Another song is toasted, this one originally Trotskyist:

In the Kremlin, down in Moscow, in the fall of Thirty-Nine,
Sat a Russian and a Prussian, drawing up the party line.
Oh my darlin', oh my darlin', oh my darlin' party line!
Oh I never will desert you, for I love this life of mine.

Discussion begins in the debate caucuses. Held once or twice every fortnight, debates have no cloture, and no restrictions short of obscenity. Topics range from "Resolved, that heroin should be legalized," to "Resolved, that to be of no church is dangerous." The goal is less to win than to think; and the best debates are those which carry on in rooms, over pizza, or circling the Old Campus. Rituals and toasting sessions offer the necessary valve of self-parody, though in even the silliest of these there is usually some serious intent. The cult of Charles I is not only a royalist jape, but a tribute to a man who declared on his scaffold that the liberty of the people consisted "in having government under those laws by which their lives and their goods may be most their own"—which is why those lines are recited at the start of every drinking bout.

The POR's curious nature derives partly from Yale: fraternities in the classic get-drunk, puke-on-the-carpet mode never caught on there; as a result, every other organization became fraternal. The *News*, the Glee Club, Skull and Bones, were viewed not simply as means toward putting out a paper, singing, or socializing, but as corporate builders of character. The spirit was daguerreotyped, full-blown, in *Stover at Yale*; the Party of the Right is one of a dwindling number of organizations which still retain it. But the POR takes its peculiar strength even more from being an organization of the Right. Conservatives may be the last defenders of open discussion and academic freedom left on our campuses. Liberal academics, of course, have always pushed their own orthodoxies, more as a matter of good taste than conscious indoctrination; while the Left, which began with the Free Speech Movement, has long abandoned "pure tolerance." As a minority (at Yale, at least), conservatives need free discussion to make their opinions heard; they need it, even more, to thrash them out among themselves.

A new song, to the tune of "Aura Lee":

As the Cubans in the bush, down Angola way,
Shoot black farmers in the tush, this is what they say:
"Andrew Young! Andrew Young! Friend so tried and true—
When we get to Georgia, then we'll do the same to you."

Any organization so intense is bound to have had its share of tumults. Frank Meyer, father of two members and elected to honorary membership himself, considered including a chapter on the POR's vicissitudes in a never-written book on history. It would not have been dull; in 25 years, the POR has had one secession, one vote fraud, and one civil war. But the shocks never touched bedrock, and former rivals returned to this banquet to enjoy something larger than their feuds.

Time for speeches. "And perhaps," someone rhetorizes, "we can look forward to our fiftieth banquet—"
Interruption. "In the Oval Office."
Laughter. □

Mr. Brookhiser, Yale '77, is an associate editor of NR.

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Books Arts & Manners

The Pied Piper of Mediaville

CHARLES W. COLSON

The Ends of Power
By H. R. Haldeman
Time Books, 326 pp., $12.95

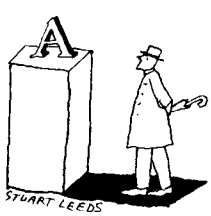
I write this review more in sorrow than in anger. But enough is enough is too much.

John Dean blames Watergate on Nixon, Haldeman, and Ehrlichman. Ehrlichman says it was all a CIA plot. Nixon lays it off on the ghost of Martha and two of the "finest public servants" he has ever known, Haldeman and Ehrlichman. General Haig says it was the work of "a sinister force." Jeb Magruder blames Williams College, William Sloane Coffin, and anyone else in sight. And now, Bob Haldeman (and/or Joe DiMona) asserts that it was all Nixon and Colson, and that, if Haldeman's airtight staff system hadn't sprung one small leak, the ship never would have sunk. And so on, and so on. (All of this played to the tune of clanging cash registers.) The only good guys to emerge from Watergate are those self-justified, upright fellows writing their own accounts. Since everyone has written a book, the sum of all the books is that no one was guilty, just everyone else. . . .

If you are confused, you're not alone. I, for one, am with you. In fact, reading Haldeman's book is for me like reading about some White House other than the one I served in; it is more fantasy than fact. Admittedly, habits are changing. It used to be that rats were content only to desert a sinking ship. Now, after deserting, they cannibalize each other. Haldeman's book (or DiMona's; for simplicity's sake we'll call it HaldeMona's) reminds me of what we might have read if Adolf Hitler had survived World War II and written his memoirs from Spandau prison. He knew nothing; the system blew a gasket; and anyway, it was all Goering's doing.

The *New York Times* proclaimed in huge paid advertisements for this book: "Finally one tells the whole truth." If any other commercial enterprise in America were to make such a claim, the FTC and a host of federal regulators would be beating its doors down the next morning, warrants in hand. Whatever happened to the truth-in-advertising laws?

The HaldeMona contention that Nixon and Colson are the real culprits is supported by Bob's remarkable capacity to reconstruct now the taped conversation that was mysteriously erased, leaving what was known far and wide as the 18½-minute gap. The erased conversation "might have gone," Bob now says, like this: Nixon recalls that he told Colson to get the goods on O'Brien; Colson, Nixon tells Bob, phoned Magruder, and that ignited the fuse. But of course one must remember that Bob swore under oath repeatedly that, according to his notes (and he was a prolific note-taker), all that was discussed during that famous conversation of June 20, 1972 was public-relations strategy for Watergate.



Upon this trembling reed hangs the whole HaldeMona tale of Watergate. Convenient yes, but demonstrably untrue and impossible, for these reasons:

1. *I* was the one who remembered the call to Magruder (Dean said Magruder had forgotten it). I testified about it voluntarily the first time I appeared before a grand jury, on August 28, two months *after* HaldeMona's reconstructed conversation. Until then, no one else *could* have known about it.

2. All official tapes, including the smoking-gun tape of June 23, 1972, are inconsistent with the HaldeMona theory. "Thank God it wasn't Colson," says Nixon on June 23, after Bob assured him that Colson had been cleared by the FBI. (In HaldeMona's version of the official tape, this quote is omitted.) Haldeman agrees. If indeed Nixon was so fearful that I had called Magruder, surely he would have mentioned his worry again, just once—and it would appear on some unreconstructed tape.

3. My tapes of conversations with Nixon—that is, official versions from the prosecutor's office—show a very consistent pattern. "Whoever did order Watergate, let it out! Let's get rid of it now, take our losses," I say on one of the transcripts. The same thing was repeated many times. If HaldeMona's version were correct, all Nixon had to do was to say, "Okay, *you* did it, boy. Go ahead, turn yourself in."

4. The prosecutors and the Ervin Committee, in the most exhaustive in-

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vestigation in the history of the Republic, found no basis for what is now HaldeMona's theory—and they most assuredly were not shy about trying to implicate Nixon or me in the break-in conspiracy.

5. Lie-detector tests may be of dubious value, but I took one—three, in fact. They indicated that I knew nothing of the break-in in advance.

6. HaldeMona omits all the evidence, well-established in court, that Mitchell had approved the burglary in advance. He also neglects to mention the many memos regarding campaign intelligence written by Bob's assistants. These flowed freely in and out of Bob's office, and many of them suggest that Bob knew of the planned assault on the Democratic National Committee's offices.

7. In his *Time* magazine review, John Ehrlichman, to whom Bob is most charitable, eviscerates HaldeMona's thesis that the motive behind the burglary was to find evidence that Larry O'Brien, Chairman of the DNC, was on retainer from the Hughes Tool Company. He points out that Ehrlichman, Nixon, the Secretary of the Treasury, the IRS, and I all knew about that retainer.

SADLY, the book is full of similar errors and omissions—dates, places, people, times, facts. They are too numerous to recount here; I stopped counting after twenty-five.

Nowhere is Haldeman's revisionism more comical than in his effort to clean up his image for his new publisher and the legions of Nixon-haters. He knows the media will sell the book (Bob is no slouch in the advertising business: he can spot a good marketing strategy when he sees one). So he tells us now that he was no hard-line, anti-Commie ideologue after all. Why, in college he even campaigned for Frank Mankiewicz' girl-friend for campus office. She was of all things an ADA-er! He exhumes an old friendship with a classmate, currently a Marxist English author, to prove that all the while Bob had us fooled. He was really a closet liberal! As for his relations with Nixon, he wasn't the ramrod-stiff, heel-clicking, loyal aide everyone thought; he spent only one social evening with the Nixons in all those years—and he really didn't like the "weird" man all that well . . . and on and on. These parts of the HaldeMona apologia provide some moments of comic relief for those of us who served with Bob in his days of glory.

But, from HaldeMona's standpoint, the book cannot be said to be a failure. For four years, Haldeman wanted to manipulate the news media, but never quite made it working out of the White House. Now, from his prison cell, he has triumphed. He used to tell us he was the best public-relations man in the country (remember all those articles that used to be written about the PR men around Nixon?); now he proves this was no idle boast. He even succeeds in doing that which for years we in the White House tried unsuccessfully to do: make two of our once most vaunted enemies claw at each other's throats. The *Post* steals the *Times*' manuscript (a third-rate burglary, no doubt), law suits are threatened and angry words exchanged. Bob pulled it off all by himself.

But, in truth, I am saddened by Bob's book. It does nothing to enlighten the general reader or the historian about this supreme crisis in American political history; it is, in fact, more significant for what it does not say than for what it does. I am saddened also for Bob and his family. I know the horrors of prison life—the terrible depressions, the debilitating impact upon one's spirit, the pervasive bitterness in which one must live. And so, I hope and pray for the early release of Bob Haldeman and others still behind bars.

I hope and pray too that now that Bob's book has been published all of us who were involved can settle back and declare a moratorium on vindictive finger-pointing. Isn't it time for us simply to realize that each one of us has to accept responsibility for his own transgressions and that we share a common responsibility for the over-all tragedy? Maybe we could then even begin to forgive one another, and, in time, I suspect others would forgive us as well.

I have written Bob—and he knows that I have forgiven him. What is far more important is the knowledge that Jesus Christ forgives each one of us for our sins, the ones we write about and the ones we don't. Understanding that could be the most important lesson learned by revisiting these ugly times. □

Just and Unjust Wars: A Moral Argument with Historical Illustrations
By Michael Walzer
Basic Books, 361 pp., $15

YOO-HOO! YOOGANDA?

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Professor Walzer would like to revive the ancient and reasonable distinction between just and unjust wars in order to justify organized violence and regulation of it. Probably he was inspired, wittingly or not, by his radical or liberal friends around Harvard, torn between their opposition to the Vietnam War, which he shared, and their instinctive support for Israel. Rehabilitating the distinction between just and unjust wars meets the problem of apparent inconsistency. It will indeed help all but the most spaced-out pacifists.

Although a professor of government, Walzer addresses his problem as if it were a purely moral one: When is a government justified in resorting to war? How much may it harm enemy soldiers, or civilians, or innocent bystanders? What means are permissible, and proportionate to the political and military ends?

The philosophical questions—and the divergent answers—which Professor Walzer summarizes have been discussed for the last few centuries. He breaks no new ground. One wonders, however, about the usefulness of such a moral, nonpolitical, and at times legalistic approach. For, difficult as they are, the moral problems pale into insignificance compared to the fundamental political problem: Who could bindingly decide the questions at issue even if there were

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RANDOM NOTES

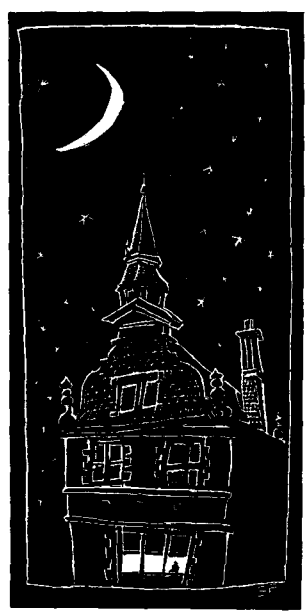
■ LEFT OVER FROM MARCH: Malachi Martin's *The Final Conclave* (Stein & Day, $11.95) insists that an influential group of cardinals is preparing to form a Rome–Moscow axis on the theory that coexistence with the enemy is preferable to destruction at its hands.

■ MORE APRIL TITLES: Professor Allen Weinstein of Smith College set out five years ago to investigate previously classified documents that he expected would clear the name of Alger Hiss, finally and forever. His researches, however, convinced him of the opposite. Professor Weinstein's book, *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case* (Knopf, $15), concludes that Hiss was indeed a Communist agent, that Whittaker Chambers was an honest man, and that it is regrettable that his association with the Beast of San Clemente has been used to smear and discredit him. Is it too much to hope that Weinstein's book may bring to an abrupt end the pleasant Indian summer of people like Lillian Hellman and other romantic, nostalgically remembered figures around the American Communist movement? . . . In *Moral Fiction* (Basic, $8.95), John Gardner, the novelist, tells some plain truths about the state of contemporary letters: their meretriciousness, their superficiality, their commerciality, their lack of integrity. . . . Donald J. Devine's *Does Freedom Work?* (Caroline House, $10) is an answer to Irving Kristol's *Two Cheers for Capitalism*, published by Basic this month. Kristol's opinion is that capitalism is, though dynamic, to some degree morally illegitimate. Devine, a libertarian, disputes this view. . . . *Mencken: A Study of His Thought* (Knopf, $15) is an attempt to find "a unified and coherent body of ideas" in the writings of the greatest journalist in the history of the Republic. Alfred Knopf—who was a close friend of Mencken's, drank beer at speakeasies and attended Bach festivals with him—has contributed a Foreword. . . . Gore Vidal's new novel is called *Kalki* (Random House, $10), about a Hindu deity destined to destroy the human race. The popular side of this great historical novelist. . . . *Celebrity* (Delta, $4.95), edited by James Monaco, includes contributions by Nora Ephron, Joan Didion, Lois Gould, Richard Schickel on the "calculus of celebrityhood."

agreement on all the rules of decision-making? And how would such decisions be enforced?

The notion of sovereignty as *potestas legibus absoluta*, to which nations do adhere when they have the power, occasional rhetoric to the contrary notwithstanding, makes a supernational deciding authority impossible. Hence, each nation decides for itself. Nations will not necessarily decide to do what Professor Walzer (or I) might think they should, and their decisions will be incompatible with those of their enemies. Else there would be no war. Professor Walzer claims authority for himself ("No one can argue about justice and war . . . without striving for an authoritative voice"). I doubt he will be heard in Cambodia, Uganda, Abyssinia, or the Soviet Union—indeed, anywhere that the issues he deals with are relevant. At best he might be able to help the victors put the defeated on trial in a total war, as they did in Nuremberg. That practice was based on a non-recurrent alliance between us and the Soviet Union which permitted us to pursue legitimate ends by lawless means disguised by pseudo-legal procedures. I hope it will not be revived; it has not been continued, although there have been about a hundred wars since Nuremberg.

The *bellum justum* doctrine made at least theoretical sense when the nations of the world thought themselves vaguely bound by a universal Christian order (differently understood, to be sure, by different governments) and, more vaguely still, by the authority of a universal Church, interpreting that order. It didn't work well in practice even then. Now, moreover, the nations no longer believe even theoretically in a common moral doctrine of war and peace. And surely not in the authority of any church. Hence, Professor Walzer's attempt to revive these optimistic doctrines would come in handy only after a semblance of a universal order had been established, perhaps under Communist auspices. (But even then, his ideas won't do much to regulate the conduct of nations. Sino-Soviet or Cambodia–Vietnam relations suggest no less.) Since the UN is usually mentioned in this context, it should be noted that that organization does not affect the situation—except perhaps by keeping Andy Young out of some mischief.



IN RETRACING the distinction between *jus ad bellum* (the right to go to war) and *jus in bello* (the laws and customs of warfare), Professor Walzer tells us too many dubious things about the former to make him a reliable guide even to the doctrine *per se*. (On *jus in bello* Professor Walzer is less naïve and more illuminating, if not always technically correct.) Thus he thinks that we had a clear case for attacking Nazi Germany on humanitarian grounds (we didn't have to depend on it since they attacked first). If so, how about attacking the Soviet Union (it has killed more of its citizens, and minorities, than the Nazis did), or Rwanda, Burundi, or Cambodia? If we followed Professor Walzer's humanitarian ideas we should be at war permanently. And there would be no agreement on who ought to attack whom: the Soviet Union is not likely to share our assessments of just wars.

In his discussion of Vietnam Professor Walzer goes out of his way further to undermine the authority he claims. He tells us the intervention was unjustified (never mind the doctrine of collective security, originally formulated by the Soviets, or the humanitarian doctrine invoked against the Nazis). This is arguable. But Professor Walzer does worse. He believes that the South Vietnamese government was not legitimate because it was unable to control the Vietcong. (Is the British government legitimate? It seems unable to control the IRA. Is the Israeli government? It doesn't control the West Bank Arabs.) Professor Walzer even argues that the Thieu government lost the legitimacy it didn't have by refusing to hold elections agreed to in Gene-

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va in 1954. No South Vietnamese authority was a party to that agreement, made by the colonial power with the Communists to deliver South Vietnam to them while the French saved face. The result of such an election was foreordained. The populous North, run by a totalitarian government, would have automatically outvoted the South even if the South had voted unanimously for Thieu, who was certainly correct in rejecting this undisguised surrender. How naïve can even a Professor of Government be?

Professor Walzer's style is sometimes eloquent, occasionally ungrammatical, and sometimes convoluted. So is his thought. □

Ethnic Chauvinism: The Reactionary Impulse
By Orlando Patterson
Stein & Day, 347 pp., $15

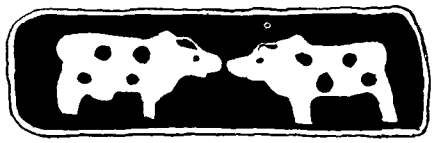
KISS ME, I'M MELTED

GEORGE GILDER

Let us hope that the dashing debut of Orlando Patterson in this callow, courageous, bombastic, sometimes penetrating, and often brilliantly rambunctious book signifies at last the passing of the movements of black and white separatism that he so cogently deplores. By the time a sociologist notices something it is nearly always on the way out. No matter, for Patterson is clearly on the way up.

Still, in *Ethnic Chauvinism*, I think he puts his torch to an array of straw men—or at least highly caricatured ideologies. Far from being an Irish Catholic "revivalist," Andrew Greeley seems chiefly concerned to show that the typical Catholic is as liberal and secular as the next guy. Michael Novak is not a prophet of Slavic neighborhood revanchism; he is merely assembling a few fragments to shore against his ruins.

Ethnic chauvinism, in any serious sense, is dead among American intellectuals; even what Patterson calls "that strange package of organized self-delusion which goes by the name of Afro-American studies" becomes annually less popular; and the celebrated rise of white ethnicity in politics is



chiefly a stratagem of interest-group lobbying. It will last only as long as the Federal Government continues the fatuous course of collecting ever greater amounts of middle-class wealth and redistributing it to those groups most willing—in Tom Wolfe's phrase—to "mau-mau the flak catchers" of bureaucracy.

But regardless of the continual excesses of his argument—which swings from wild prophetic declamation to equally dubious moments of self-effacement—Patterson is an interesting and provocative thinker. A jet-setting young intellectual from the West Indies, he divides his time between service as Special Advisor to the Prime Minister of Jamaica and tenure as Professor of Sociology at Harvard, where he consorts with such types as David Riesman, to whom the book is dedicated, and Nathan Glazer, who has contributed a blurb despite being attacked in its pages. In recent years Patterson has published several long and illuminating articles in *The Public Interest* and other scholarly journals.

Judging from this book, he provides dreadful advice to the Jamaicans. He apparently believes in the immaculate conception of economic growth—through acts of consensual "socialist love," like those performed in Tanzania, which at the moment is the most highly taxed (95 per cent in the $2,000 bracket) and one of the least productive economies anywhere. But his sociology is much better than his economics, and, even if he exaggerates the threat, his critique of the theory of ethnic pluralism is often right on point.

According to Patterson, ethnic pluralism derives from cultural relativism: the anthropological assumption that each society must be understood on its own terms rather than on a moral scale of civilized values. Although this approach may be of some use to the ethnologist, it is morally and philosophically corrupt. Patterson particularly attacks liberal " 'urban anthropologists,' who, after a guilt-ridden sojourn in their favorite black ghetto, emerge with the latest 'proof' of the argument that the ghetto, but for white exploitation, is a glorious place, rich with vitality, 'supportive' black culture, and proletarian romance."

Patterson shows that this attitude leads with near inevitability to the spectacle of "otherwise sensible and civilized" college presidents, who have devoted their lives to integration, cowering before black segregationists on campus and succumbing to their demands for separate housing and education. "Having accepted the pluralist dogma that humanist values relating to all human beings are no longer possible, such presidents had no choice but to bend their knees and look on helplessly as what they thought were the values of a higher liberalism were taken to their logical conclusion." Cultural relativism affords no grounds for resisting black or white cultural claims that would not only reduce the country to an embattled aggregation of ethnic armed camps, but also prevent the lower classes from learning the "universal culture" of a modern economy and society.

PATTERSON ALSO shows that no nation can be durably founded on ethnic exclusiveness. The United States, he says, is now dominated not by WASP culture but by an eclectic national culture in which even the English language has been irretrievably taken from its creators and "been adapted in a thousand ways to meet the special feelings, moods, and experiences of a thousand groups." Similarly, black jazz, says Patterson, is "no longer a black American music" but the music of the universal culture of America. Cricket in Jamaica and, one might add, basketball in the United States are no longer white games, but expressive vehicles, in great part, for the best in black athleticism. And pizza is as American as apple pie. All are part of an American culture that Patterson fears may succumb to a factional ethnicity, full of Third World Academies, Born-Again Business Leagues, Bilingual High Schools, and Zionist Democratic Clubs.

In making his case, Patterson ranges confidently through the realms of philosophy, religion, and sociology. He detests Plato for his static idealism, exalts the Enlightenment as a triumph of rationalist culture, and celebrates the "pristine Christianity" of Jesus for its

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universal message and its allegedly communist vision of the "perfectibility of man" on earth. In Patterson's pseudo-Christian faith in a "humanistic socialism of love," he seems to have forgotten that Christ in the desert renounced the possibility of assuming temporal power and fulfilling his mission through politics. And like most intellectuals who try to use Jesus as a way of rejecting present-day Christianity, Patterson utterly misses the Christian message of humility. Thus, needless to say, he would not deign to go to a church and humble himself by worshipping with others, or profess the "dreadful, miserable, abstract essentialistic and ultimately meaningless love of organized Christianity," which he cannot even begin to comprehend. He prefers egalitarian socialism "as a concrete and 'unchurchly' way of choosing God." Yet the only concrete examples he offers are Cuba and Tanzania, where someone like Patterson would have to rule, or else end up in jail.

PATTERSON ALSO misses the point as to the relation between what he calls ethnicity and the rise of ever more powerful and intrusive governments. Contrary to his contentions, central governments that excessively tax and regulate their people are a major source of rising ethnicity in many countries. Such governments virtually require their subjects to organize in groups to get fair shares of the redistributions, and fair treatment from the officials. Although Patterson's prose froths at any mention of Adam Smith, it is the renunciation of that great man's ideas that accounts in large part for the oppressive taxes and bureaucracies that blight the Third World and are encroaching all too much in the West.

Ethnic Chauvinism is a vulnerable book. It suffers from the usual faults of youthful works in which the writer tries to tell you everything he knows and some things he doesn't (for example, the first name of William James). But when he sticks to the subject of ethnicity and its variations and rationales, he is often original and fascinating, and he deserved better treatment than Stein & Day offered in this apparently unproofed and unedited volume, as full of typographical and other avoidable errors as it is charged with polemical energy. □

SAINTS

Moshe Dayan: Story of My Life
By Moshe Dayan
Morrow, 640 pp., $15

OLD SOLDIER WHO WON'T FADE

LINDA BRIDGES

For a while in 1967, after the Israelis' war had ended in six days while ours in Vietnam dragged on and on, there was a line going the rounds in this country on the order of: "Why don't *we* hire Moshe Dayan? It shouldn't take him more than six weeks to clean up the Vietcong." For Dayan is one of a breed that is growing increasingly rare as the twentieth century grows older: the Establishment folk hero. Of course, like most of these men—think of our own MacArthur and Patton—Dayan was never entirely "Establishment," although he has spent nearly all his adult life in the army or government; nor, as the storms that have broken around him during the last year remind us, is he everybody's hero. He would not necessarily have done in Vietnam what those who made that crack had in mind. But he would unquestionably have shaken things up.

As it is, Moshe Dayan has had more than his share of ups and downs. As a young soldier who had developed an extremely effective though (or more probably because) unorthodox guerrilla training program, his career was almost aborted at its outset by the piece of shrapnel that tore up his left eye. But he recovered and, after a number of years in intelligence work, was back on the battlefield in the 1948 war, leading the top (and again unorthodox) commando battalion. Under Ben-Gurion's premiership he acted, at one time or another, as commander of Jerusalem, chief negotiator with Jordan's King Abdullah, Minister of Agriculture, and—before and during the 1956 war—Chief of Staff. And by 1956, the black eyepatch that he hated had become, paradoxically, a sort of symbol of Israeli resistance.

Dayan eventually left the cabinet during an acrimonious dispute within the Labor Party and, feeling that he had been off the battlefield too long ("It was now, in 1966, ten years since I had been in battle, ten years since I had been at the wrong end of an enemy tank, field gun, and attack plane—and the right end of our own. I wanted to see for myself, on the spot, what modern war was like . . ."), signed up as a war correspondent and went to Vietnam, where he wonderingly calculated how long he could make do, in Israel, with the ammunition we used in one engagement. Within a year he was back on the job as Defense Minister, just in time for the spectacular victory in the Six Day War; and he stayed on long enough to take the blame for the near-disaster at the beginning of the Yom Kippur War, with the aftermath of which this book ends.

There are many fine things in *Story of My Life*. For example, Dayan's account of growing up in British-administered Palestine: he was born there during World War I, just before the Balfour Declaration, and however bitter his disagreements with the Arabs would later become, he and they speak—literally, and sometimes figuratively as well—the same language. He gives a full account of the Suez Crisis, integrating the military and diplomatic aspects (including the pressures on France and Britain from the U.S. and the USSR, and the pre-election pressures on Eisenhower). He writes vividly of war *per se*, and of the true soldier's reaction to it: hatred of its destruction, more than a little love of the sensation of going into battle.

And I found as I read that Moshe

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Dayan continually reminded me of another of those semi-Establishment heroes, Ireland's General Michael Collins: the same strategic and tactical brilliance, courage, tactlessness, and intolerance of incompetence or laziness, which, in each man's case, led his colleagues to react with either whole-hearted devotion or a determination to get rid of him. As military men, both were fighting in small enough arenas that their unorthodox abilities could work to best advantage. Dayan tells here of a time, early in his career, when he wanted to capture for his commando battalion a disabled armored car, which, however, was protected by enemy fire. Hours after he had remarked that the vehicle would be a good thing to have, no one had taken his hint and volunteered to retrieve it. So Dayan jumped onto a half-track and called out to one of the mechanics, asking if he would come along and help. The boy answered: "Sure—with you there's no risk." Even when Dayan had become Chief of Staff —Minister of Defense, for that matter —he would often go out on patrol with the soldiers. This is, I gather, mainly a matter of temperament: he likes to see things for himself. But it's also much harder to talk about old men sending young men out to fight when the "old men" are fighting alongside them. (Would Vietnam be free today if Clark Clifford had gone to the trenches?) And this habit of his gives his account a nostalgic ring—Shakespearean, if you will: like Henry V being on speaking terms with all his officers and many private soldiers.

THERE IS NOT much here about the Mideast Question—everyone knows, after all, where Dayan stands. Not much general analysis or even polemic, that is, though there is a great deal on the ironing out of specific problems—borders, joint access to places that are holy to both Jews and Moslems—and on relations with the U.S., that benign but faraway country with its own problems and its own priorities, which Dayan views warily, at times almost desperately. His tone becomes slightly brittle when he refers to his friendship with various Arabs, as if he expects either to be disbelieved or to be accused of having taken tolerance several steps too far; that tonal problem aside, the book is very well written. It is in the clear, unadorned military style; but the wit surfaces often—fortunately, for Dayan has had not a few occasions for self-pity—and it is dry as the desert air. □

TELEVISION

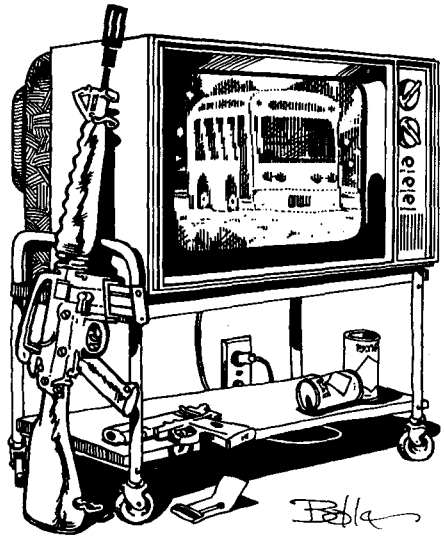
UNWITTING PARTNER?

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

The kidnapping of Aldo Moro and the murders of the Israeli citizens were grimly convenient for the two-hour PBS special *Terrorism: The World at Bay*. It was a live broadcast, but it had been scheduled long before these bloody events. They gave the show urgency. They did not, unfortunately, add any illumination to its inquiry.

There is something a little odd, not to say batty, about a television show on the problem of terrorism. It is a bit like a tabloid headline on the problem of sensationalism. Television, as several of the experts who were interviewed remarked, has contributed heavily to the problem. What, one wonders, can it offer toward a solution, apart from shutting up? "We are partners of the terrorists," an Israeli TV reporter confessed. A BBC official disputed this in the name of the public's right to know, but Conor Cruise O'Brien sensibly replied that there is a great difference between reporting the facts and milking the spectacle.

There was something gimmicky about



Terrorism. It featured experts from here to the Mideast, all brought together in a satellite symposium. This would have been fine, had they been given more time to talk; but one might almost as well have cut in quick succession from one to another of the world's top 25 philosophers, allowing each just enough time to deliver himself of an epigram. I exaggerate, but by the end of the show it was far from clear what television, specifically, had to offer. The problem with terrorism is that it is a form of attention-getting, and if you are going to give it attention you should give it a kind that will to some degree counteract it; or you are helping it. Surely no good is achieved by suggesting that it now holds "the world at bay." The show, with its hyperactive film clips, added to the terror it professed to deplore.

It is the nature of the medium that counts. As a device for conveying facts, television is far inferior to the newspaper. It specializes not in accuracy and comprehensiveness, but in immediacy, or what I have called the You Are There effect. Whatever it reports it invests with a special urgency: it is nearly *all* headlines, and fine print doesn't suit it. It reports a little; even more, however, it amplifies, magnifies, dramatizes.

THERE IS NO reason why it can't develop an ethics of reporting terrorist activity, as it has done with respect to private kidnappings, and refrain from showing films, interviews with victims, and anything else that heightens the viewer's sense of involvement in the action. This would be as hard on Fred Silverman as on Yasir Arafat, but the facts themselves need not be suppressed to mute the stridency of their presentation. News not only relates events, it constitutes them and imparts to them much of the magnitude they have. Terrorism counts on that. It is, as O'Brien put it, "good copy," and there is "a tendency toward complicity" between all the media and terrorists themselves. It is late in the day for naïveté about this.

Terrorism did allow this to be said several times, and thereby offset some of the harm it may have done. (It gave some information about counterterrorist tactics that I can only hope the terrorists already knew.) Generally, how-

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ever, the show was aimless, seeming to indulge its transcontinental format at the expense of whatever depth it might have achieved. Though one of its major themes was that terrorism is now a transnational phenomenon, and though it glancingly acknowledged the Marxist rhetoric of the terrorists, it did not linger on the possibility of connections between them and the Communist camp. An Israeli officer commented on the Soviet role, and an expert from the Rand Corporation noted that Czech weapons (which it would hardly be feasible to smuggle privately from that Communist country) are much in evidence; but these speakers were allotted about a single breath apiece, like everyone else.

The show's host, James Hoge, seemed more interested in the psychology of terrorism. The American prejudice is that it must be a problem of individual aberrancy (as in America it is rather likely to be); and so a somewhat inordinate attention was given to this aspect of the problem, with three psychiatrists consulted. To their credit, all three of them refused to reduce the problem to such simplistic terms. A German who had interviewed the captured members of the Baader-Meinhof gang said that he had found "no psychotics, no neurotics" among them; in fact Meinhof herself struck him as "a very warm-hearted person . . . ladylike." An Israeli said there was no evidence of such a thing as a typical "terrorist mind."

Hoge himself was the show's great liability, apart from its format. He seemed to find it hard to conceive of terrorists as engaged in an activity that might in some terms be rational and strategic: to him they were merely "desperate and disenchanted individuals," and "if you disagree [with them], they shoot," as if they were simply highly opinionated and rather excitably intolerant. Because he was unable to regard terrorism itself as an integral activity apart from the psyches and morals of its practitioners, all the insights of the men and women he interviewed failed to add up to more than scattered glimpses of the reality. Too bad, because if a half-dozen of them had been gathered into a panel for a less jerky, more conventional mode of discussion, *Terrorism* might have given us a better chance to see it whole. □

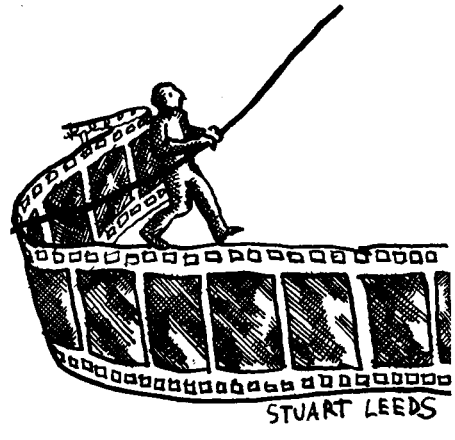
THE MOVIES

TRUTH—FOR BEGINNERS

JOHN SIMON

Somewhat late in the game, Hollywood is beginning to try to come to grips with the effects of Vietnam. *Coming Home* is meant to illustrate the impact of that war on three groups of people: paraplegic or otherwise scarred veterans; average, gung-ho Americans, who faced disappointments over there and back home; and wives who were left behind. Roughly, it is the story of the emancipation of a typical, sheltered officer's wife, who, while her husband is having a hard time of it in Vietnam, starts doing volunteer work in a Los Angeles veterans' hospital, gets involved with a wonderfully virile paraplegic pacifist, and begins to see, in bed, both colored lights and *the* light. When her husband returns, disillusioned but still hawkish (also male chauvinist pig), she reluctantly but hopefully chooses him over her lover; but the by now highly neuroticized husband, after threatening murder, commits self-sacrifice.

There could have been a fine film in this—Nancy Dowd, the author of the original screenplay, claims there was, before it got rewritten by Waldo Salt and Robert C. Jones—but *Coming Home* is, for most practical purposes, yet another musical remake of *A Star Is Born*. As period songs blare away ceaselessly and maddeningly on the soundtrack, the wife (Jane Fonda) slowly emerges from her cocoon; the cocky husband (Bruce Dern), his smug ante-bellum values shattered, ends by neatly folding his uniform on a beach, then swimming off naked to a briny self-immolation.



The paraplegic lover (Jon Voight), to be sure, is a new kink in the old *topos*; and the fact that Fonda gets her first orgasm from him in a torrid scene that contrasts heuristically with an early one in which hubby's avid lovemaking leaves her as unengaged as she hadn't been since her stint with a client in *Klute*, is even newer stuff. With a paraplegic, that is; otherwise, first *real* orgasms, lovingly recorded by the camera, are getting to be, as it were, an anticlimax.

There are perfectly splendid performances by Jane Fonda and Jon Voight, but they cannot make up for a script in which preposterousness vies with tendentious banality. For example, we are asked to believe that a supposedly brilliant young veteran who is clearly mentally deranged (but not so clearly brilliant) is not confined to the hospital's psychiatric ward. When the spirit moves him, he locks himself into the open and abandoned dispensary, uses a hypodermic with lethal efficiency while his buddies watch helplessly without breaking down the door, and, by the time the orderly returns (apparently from Timbuktu), is, naturally, dead.

AGAIN, HAL ASHBY, an undistinguished director at best, has left it up to the actors to improvise a number of scenes —a device that unfailingly fails. If it looks only like awkward dawdling here rather than an abject fiasco, it is because the written parts of the dialogue are not that much better. Above all, though, the film depends on facile sensationalism: the inept pleasuring by the husband; the fabulous loving of the paraplegic, who, with the mere help of a few pillows to prop him up, makes it good business to hire the handicapped; the gross paranoia of the husband, especially as portrayed by Dern, who has made creepiness bordering on craziness his stock in trade. Why couldn't the contest have been between personalities and ideologies rather than between glossy or grotesque oversimplifications?

Haskell Wexler, that master cinematographer, has shot the film handsomely, though probably deliberately less dazzlingly than he did his last one for

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Ashby, *Bound for Glory*. There are some good supporting performances, but also carelessnesses: after much has been made of a ramp built to Fonda's back door to make her place accessible to wheelchairs, Voight, in the climactic showdown, rolls right up to the inaccessible front door. And if you are going to get a body model for some nude shots of Fonda (curious, considering that others are unmistakably of her), try not to get one with stubby, plebeian fingers, when Fonda's are long and aristocratic.

An Unmarried Woman is Paul Mazursky's best film to date. True, Mazursky has always aimed for an adult, European style of filmmaking, with modest production values but a more searching investigation of personal problems and conflicts, usually centering on the arduous process of self-discovery. But the Scylla of triviality and the Charybdis of coarseness lay steadily in wait for the writer-director, and in every previous film, he ran up against one or the other, or, frequently, both.

Mazursky now seems to have observed and listened to married and unmarried women of his acquaintance with ripe sympathy but without the excessive self-involvement and sentimentality that previously led him astray. So he gives us the story of Erica, a well-to-do wife and mother in her late thirties, living on Manhattan's posh Upper East Side, who, when her stockbroker husband leaves her for a younger woman, finds herself unmoored and adrift. This, despite a genteel job in a SoHo art gallery, a nice and intelligent teenage daughter, three warm female friends to exchange tales of woe with, a goodly number of peripheral men still avidly ogling her by no means tarnished charms, and, of course, one obligatory psychotherapist who feeds her some bolstering platitudes.

Most traumatic for Erica is the need to start "dating" again, in spite of her mature age, her present edginess about men, and the exaggerated sexual expectations of casual companions, based, presumably, on previous experience with easy divorcées. It is this area of socio-sexual awkwardness that the film handles most effectively and, for our movies, originally. It should have stuck to this, rather than waste footage on chronicling the typical breakup of a schematic New York marriage, or on the resolution, when Erica meets a dreamboat of a divorced painter whose virtues are as overwhelmingly concrete as his work is wishy-washily abstract (courtesy Paul Jenkins). This part of the film is too precipitately idyllic by half, and, to obviate a conventional happy ending, Mazursky paints himself into an ending that is arbitrarily ambiguous and equally unconvincing.

There are many keenly and generously perceived incidents and details, as Erica, for instance, elicits outbursts of self-pity from the friends she needs compassion from; as her daughter (well played by Lisa Lucas) innocently enhances her nervousness; as seemingly innocuous oafs are turned, by taxicabs bound for home, into noxious would-be wolves; and as casually satisfactory sex proves no more filling than Chinese food. Mazursky, a former and still intermittent actor, has a sharp sense of casting, and wonderful performances pop up all over the movie. The only bad work, in fact, comes from the director's real-life analyst, who plays Erica's shrink: it is hard to say whether she emerges worse as a thespian or a therapist.

Most impressive of all is, appropriately, Jill Clayburgh's Erica, a woman rendered in all the complex interplay of antithetical impulses, ranging from subservience and vulnerability to angry or hopeful resilience. The actress exudes a wealth of inner activity and an ample repertoire of fascinatingly changing expressions, better than any kind of static, conventional prettiness. Thus, in a skating scene in Rockefeller Center, the camera comes in tight on her for what seems like an unconscionably long time as Erica has her first sense of being blessed by freedom. A lesser actress would have portrayed the sort of outburst of eudemonia that is occasioned by a superior detergent in a TV commercial; Miss Clayburgh gives us something as gradual and miraculous as the opening of a flower followed through all its stages by a nature documentary. She goes from smiling disbelief to ever more confident laughter with an authority that the film, good as it often is, ultimately lacks. □

The GIMLET EYE

AMERICA STINKS—I

D. KEITH MANO

They've majored in paranoia, the men on Madison Avenue. It's easier to prove the existence of God than it is to smell your own breath. I play it safe: I talk like Edgar Bergen. Armpits, yes. Armpits are available. But house odors are self-effacing. You have to walk around the block three times before you can judge your own catbox objectively. The nation of TV commercials is a great fireplug. Fetid, rank, laminated with the gamy, leg-lifting of 200 million creatures. Measured diagonally, friend, we're all nose. Well, not all. The disturbing fact is: only middle-class folk and middle-class homes stink. In Harlem or Bedford-Stuyvesant, it seems, the people sweat as much as R2-D2.

Jerry Della Femina, the Deep Throat of advertising, told me, "Most good advertising concepts, I think, come out of fear. Somebody's afraid to be embarrassed. What advertising people do best, they're conscious of the fear that maybe other people haven't seen. The secret is that advertising people aren't good, but they have fantastic noses. They smell things before anyone else does."

REMEMBER THE Ty-D-Bol man? You know, the nut in yachtsman's cap and motorboat who turned your toilet tank into Lake Tahoe. Talk about life with its ups and downs. I had to figure he lived right across from Mr. Whipple in the asylum. The Ty-D-Bol people didn't appear to have enormous respect for human intelligence. After all, the instructions on their product read, "Turn bottle upside down and clip onto edge of tank with bottle *inside*." Good grief, are there people in America who would clip a bottle of Ty-D-Bol *outside* and watch blue gunge drip onto the bath-

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room floor? Sure there are. And then they write Ralph Nader.

I talked to the Ty-D-Bol account executive: this was some time ago. He knew that Mr. Ty-D-Bol wasn't a major contribution to the thought of Western man. But he also knew something more important: Mr. Ty-D-Bol worked. He/it sold the product. "We got millions of dollars' worth of free publicity from Carson Show jokes. Dean Martin had a skit where he auditioned Shakespearean actors and they didn't know the job was in a toilet tank." The Burke Recall Company in Cincinnati tests next-day recognition of TV commercials. The Ty-D-Bol man scored like a pinball stuck on Bonus When Lit, and so did the "Mrs. Ty-D-Bol" campaign, where an actress goes around snooping into johns. A lousy way to get typecast, that. I asked about color. Why blue? "Ha!" said the account exec., "what would you suggest, yellow?" No, not yellow. And red is one of the seven danger signs when it comes to cancer. Blue. Blue, certainly.

The account exec. leaned back, in shirt sleeves, feeling comfortable for me. Neat, easy. I knew he was the sort of man who has to straighten just one blanket corner in the morning. He didn't muss a bed at night; he dog-eared it gently. How was Mr. Ty-D-Bol created? Well, he couldn't quite remember. It was there from the start. What he did was what most ad firms do: research. "We impaneled women and we found that the only room they really cared about—say, when someone came to visit—was the bathroom. The women who cared most were married, suburban women, aged 20 to 34. They wanted something to keep the bowl clean, fresh, and more attractive."

FTC and FCC regulations apply now. The account exec. thought that they were over-elaborate, but necessary —though he did reminisce with some fondness about the good old days. "I started in advertising when television started. Back in the Fifties we did anything that occurred to us. The announcer dressed up as a doctor, you know. We had an ad for this major cigarette brand that I handled. We said we offered 'greater health protection.' The actor inhaled through filter paper and our brand caught more nicotine and tars. Nobody knew, not even the network, that it was just a matter of how long he rolled the smoke around in his mouth."

Jerry Della Femina: "Mr. Ty-D-Bol? I thought that was a form of bad advertising. I don't think we've done an ad or a commercial that treated people like kids or fools. Ninety-five per cent of people in advertising are total inept bumblers. Don't catch them on Madison Avenue, that's their natural habitat. Catch them in Connecticut sometime fouling up their own lawn mowers. They have no idea what they're doing.

"I don't know if you've seen the commercial for Meow Mix with the singing cat, the cat that sings, 'Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow.' Everyone wonders where did this great idea come from? We had shot some commercials and my partner looked at a little piece of footage and noticed that one of the cats was having trouble swallowing a piece of food and was moving, whatever—if cats have lips, it was moving its lips. And so what he proceeded to do was just print that footage for the full length of a commercial, and he had thirty seconds of a cat trying desperately to swallow a piece of food. We put music to it. It's the highest scoring commercial in the history of Burke Recall. The great thinking behind it? There was no great thinking behind it. We lucked into a fantastic piece of business."

But stink fear rules. Our scents have become synthetic, phony: strangest of prosthetic devices. Certain animals, I've been told, have a nifty organ called the Jacobson's gland, with which they sniff at each other's urine, sampling for a female in estrus. We don't have such glands: if we ever had them, they gave up long ago. The smell of Ban or Arrid wouldn't induce men, let alone tomcats, to track anyone's spoor. If our species depended on odor, we'd be propositioning aerosol spray cats on the high road to extinction. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ENOLA GAY, *by Gordon Thomas and Max Morgan Witts (Stein & Day, 327 pp., $11.95).* This documentary, which takes its name from the plane that dropped the first atomic bomb, is an account of the preparations for, and execution of, that flight. The entire operation known as the "Manhattan Project," which developed that first bomb, must have been a bureaucratic nightmare; yet the authors never bog down in detail. Instead they have fashioned a fast-paced, fascinating saga. Focusing on the pilots and crews being trained—in Utah, Cuba, and finally Tinian, in the Marianas—to deliver the bomb, they flash to episodes in the atomic labs at Los Alamos, and to decision-making in Washington and Potsdam. When Colonel Paul Tibbets, a crack pilot from the European battlefield, is offered the assignment, he is warned, "The shock waves from the detonation could crush your plane. I am afraid I can give you no guarantee that you will survive." Yet Tibbets, in command of the 509th, whose 15 crews have all been trained for the mission, chooses to make the flight himself. The portraits of Tibbets and his men are fleshed out with enough personal incident to mark each as an individual. So are those of several Japanese, like Lieutenant Yokoyama, who understood his men's desire to fight: "Japan, more than any other nation, had excised fear from its warriors; death for them was part of living." These men were worthy opponents—thinking, dedicated soldiers, like the *kamikaze* pilots, ready to die for their cause. Their determination adds to the danger—and to the stature of the Americans who had to be equally courageous and dedicated to defeat them.

CAROLE CLEAVER

CHRISTIANS, POLITICS, AND VIOLENT REVOLUTION, *by J. G. Davies (Orbis Books, 216 pp., $4.95, paper).* Professor Davies teaches theology at the University of Birmingham, England. This book, by his own account, is an answer to questions by Third World students and theology teachers as to whether their Christianity can be reconciled with participation in violent revolution, which alone, they aver, offers an exit from "poverty, exploitation, and suffering." (One quickly senses here a simplistic and mistaken tendency to trace the fact of Third World economic underdevelopment to "exploitation" and "oppression" and not to technological retardation, a mind-set with little to offer either politically or economically to the future of developing peoples.) On the general theoretical question of the permissibility of violent revolution, Davies argues that there can be no *a priori* or absolute denial of the possibility of Christian involvement therein, a position quite within the mainstream of a venerable Christian tradition as old as St. Augustine. Still, that tradition approves such violence only within certain sharply delimited circumstances—which can hardly stretch to include, say, Latin American revolutionary movements, which seem inevitably to become tinged with a totalitarian Marxist character. There is no reason to suppose that transfers of power wrought by such means in the Third World can effectively come to grips with ancient indigenous problems of poverty, but there is every reason to assume that

(Continues on page 485)

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

THE ASSASSINATION of President Kennedy remains a somber mystery of our time, but two salient facts concerning it have vividly emerged from recent speculation. First, that Kennedy assassin Lee Harvey Oswald was linked, emotionally and otherwise, to the Communist global apparatus. And second, that this forbidding datum has been ignored by elements in the U.S. Government.

Both points are made by Edward Jay Epstein in *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald* (Reader's Digest Press, $12.95). Epstein traces Oswald's many connections to the Communists, including his early conversion to the Marxist creed, his dealings with Communist agents in Japan, and his carefully planned defection to the USSR. The book suggests that Oswald, who was a radar crewman at a U-2 base, may have provided data that led to the shooting down of Francis Gary Powers, and argues that Oswald's comfortable style of living in Minsk could only have resulted from a high degree of official favor.

The most controversial part of Epstein's thesis is his critique of Soviet defector Yuri Nosenko, who crossed over to the West in the wake of the assassination and informed authorities here that Oswald had been a nobody in the Soviet Union, without connection to the KGB. Epstein's researches indicate Nosenko was a double agent, dispatched to establish Oswald's "legend" or cover story and get the Soviets off the hook for the assassination. Months of hostile questioning, however, failed to break Nosenko down, and his version of the matter became the accepted one in official U.S. circles.

Whatever the story on Nosenko, it is clear that Oswald's affinity for the Soviets and Communism generally was pronounced. This fact is driven home by British barrister Michael Eddowes in *The Oswald File* (Clarkson Potter/Crown, $10). Eddowes goes much further than Epstein, contending that Oswald was an agent of the KGB's "Department 13" (assassination squad) sent to the United States for the explicit purpose of killing Kennedy. The author provides considerable evidence linking Oswald to the Kremlin, recounting his mysterious excursion to the Soviet embassy in Mexico City and his communiqué to the Soviet embassy in Washington concerning the need "to complete our business."

Eddowes' book contains some unpersuasive "two-Oswald" theorizing, but he certainly shows that the assassin's connections to the Soviets and Cubans were numerous and suspicious. He also spells out the fashion in which the American Government tried to suppress awareness of Oswald's Communist affinities, on the grounds that public consciousness of these might somehow have pushed us into nuclear war.

PRISCILLA JOHNSON MCMILLAN'S *Marina and Lee* (Harper & Row, $15), in contrast to the foregoing, projects a strictly non-conspiratorial view of the assassination. Even so, the book is a thorough documentation of Oswald's day-to-day immersion in Marxist ideologies and causes, including a long-range love affair with Castro, continued correspondence with the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, repeated contacts with the Soviets, the Communist Party U.S.A., the Socialist Workers Party, and so on.

Mrs. McMillan provides an especially interesting discussion of Oswald's involvement with the mysterious George de Mohrenschildt and the relevance of this relationship to Oswald's attempted murder of General Edwin A. Walker. While her reading of the assassin's motives is almost entirely psychoanalytical, she offers copious evidence that his attempt on Walker and his murder of Kennedy sprang, at a minimum, from a twisted vision of himself as a Marxist revolutionary—a trifle different from the established line that the right-wing ambiance of Dallas, Texas was somehow responsible for the assassination. □

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

W[illiam] M. Woods:

Regarding the Panama Canal

Since . . . Carter and . . . Torrijos intend to turn back the clock of history, should it not be turned back all the way? Since the status quo does not suit either party, the United States should withdraw its recognition of the Panamanian "republic," destroy the Canal, and turn the whole thing, Panama and all, back over to Colombia, where it all began. (Title supplied)

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BRIEFS

(Continued from page 482)

they will further compound the wretchedness of a hapless peasantry with the additional, insupportable burden of brutal Marxist tyranny: hardly an outcome, one should think, that would recommend itself to a Christian theologian.

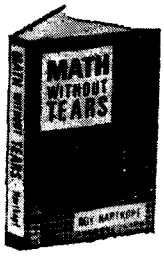
MICHAEL F. CONNORS

MAN OF THE WORLD, *by Alfred Allan Lewis (Bobbs-Merrill, 307 pp., $15).* To this day the old *New York World* of the Twenties remains the standard to which newspaper journalism aspires. Certainly Herbert Bayard Swope, the paper's editor, is still viewed as the individual most responsible for the enviable record it created: three Pulitzer Prizes within a single decade; ground-breaking exposés of the Ku Klux Klan, Florida peonage, and New York City police corruption; journalism's first Op-Ed page; and a glittering array of talented columnists and contributors. The paper was deeply infused with Swope's own personality—dynamic, confident, erudite, and fearless. But as Swope's high standards pushed the *World* to its peak circulation, its owners greedily raised the morning daily's price above the competition's, and the paper never recovered from that folly. Swope himself saw the writing on the wall, and departed the *World* in 1929; by 1931 the paper was dead. Swope never again worked in journalism, but lived instead off stock investments and by dabbling in politics, high society, and public-service jobs, even as his better instincts ineffectually nagged him to return to his true vocation. Lewis' treatment is slightly too adulatory and marred by a few ideological indiscretions and factual inaccuracies, but otherwise it is a brisk and readable narrative of a highly charged, indeed cyclonic, life. DAVID A. PIETRUSZA

WHITE RAT, *by Gayl Jones (Random House, 178 pp., $7.95).* Gayl Jones knows many worlds. She writes about three of them in *White Rat*, a collection of 12 short stories, and she lives in all of them. One is a hard world, twisted with superstition, sex, and poverty. The second is college-bright and full of fantasy; while the third is the realm of the mind, where the sounds of life don't often fit. In all of them, life's crises are the same, but you can tell which world you are in by the language, and by the way people confront each crisis. The ones imprisoned by poverty learn their lessons early. They communicate through shared hardship; dialogue is sparse because words are unimportant, and they go on living because there is nothing else for them to do. But among the educated, the language is clear and clean, rejecting the shorthand of ghetto dialect. Educated people believe verbal expression of life's traumas is a cathartic experience—but, somehow, their traumas remain, in spite of est and therapy and group encounter sessions. Inhabitants of both worlds face rejection with each dawn, while the third world, inside their minds, shows how they do or do not cope with such rejection. Here, Miss Jones uses of stream-of-consciousness narration to capture the inner turmoil of both poor and educated. Occasionally, things work out. The sounds outside fit with the sounds in your head; love wins out over rejection and poverty and life's other crises, and that is, after all, enough.

LAURIE PROTHRO

MATH WITHOUT TEARS



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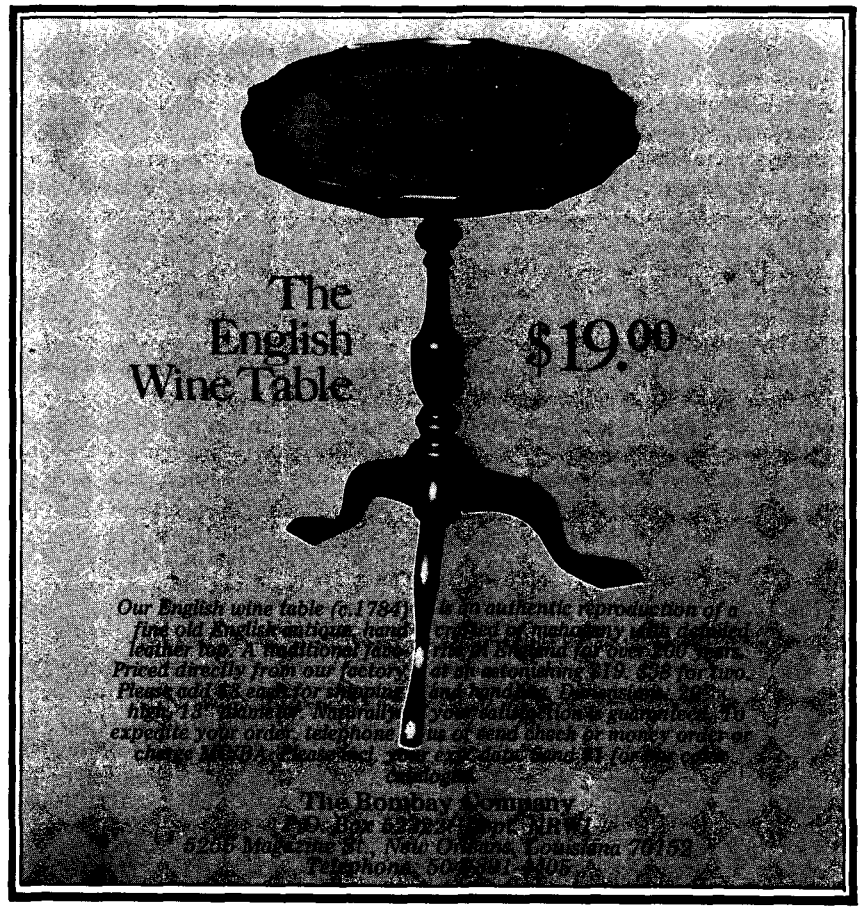

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Report from Bangkok

On The Right

New York, Mar. 17—In January, Mr. Leo Cherne of the International Rescue Committee brought together an impressive congregation of men and women concerned about the awful ravages of the diverse Communist victories in Southeast Asia, and, with William J. Casey, former Under Secretary of State, headed out for Thailand. The investigators were of varied political inclinations, including John Richardson, the head of Freedom House; Albert Shanker, president of the American Federation of Teachers; James Michener; Rabbi Tanenbaum; and others. What they found, and reported at a press conference in Bangkok, turns the blood cold. Cambodia leads the list of the criminal states, that is if you don't count the countries, the United States primarily, that have let it all happen.

About Cambodia, Mr. Cherne could only think to say: "The events which have taken place in Cambodia and which continue to make of that country a land so inhuman tempts one to wonder whether here, finally, is a place where the living envy the dead."

The litany becomes all the more horrible for its failure, over a period of three years now, to arouse attention. It is as if the daily figures were to be read out publicly for Ravensbrück, Buchenwald, and Auschwitz, to an assembly where everyone was engaged in playing gin rummy. Mr. Cherne, whose committee was founded in 1933 to help refugees from Nazi Germany, was blunt. "The fact that the various international institutions designed to assert and protect human rights, and even life itself, have been silent, despite repeated appeals, adds to our emphasis. Just such an appeal and protest to the United Nations Commission on Human Rights in June of 1975 remained unanswered for months before the appeal was denied because the UN Commission insisted that it could not act on second-hand information."

The UN Commission on Human Rights has never hesitated to act on second-hand information when addressing itself to the (relative) peccadillos of Chile, South Africa, and Israel. Mr. Cherne pursued the point relentlessly: "The inhumanity which continues to exist in Cambodia is so beyond rational description that it is probably unlikely that evidences of world concern so long withheld will have any moderating effect upon the behavior of the Khmer Rouge. . . . No circumstances since the death camps of Germany more nearly describe the circumstances which presently exist in Cambodia. It is inconceivable that criteria expressive of degrees of compassion based on priority relationships could, in conscience, have been applied to the survivors of the Nazi concentration camps any more than they can now in logic or honor be applied to the refugees from Cambodia."

Now then, Mr. Cherne, and Mr. Casey, and Mr. Michener, and Mr. Shanker, and everybody else addressed themselves, as was quite proper under their mandate, to the question of the refugees. And of course they are correct: all the red tape that deprives them of succor should be brushed aside. It is the job of the International Rescue Committee, by tradition, to rescue those who have, in a sense, already been rescued. The Cambodians who sit, despairingly, in the great refugee camps of Thailand are objects of pity. But they have, by other standards, already been saved. It is those who are still in Cambodia that need help most urgently. The Jews who escaped the ovens of Germany and Poland deserved every consideration; but mostly, they deserved the resolve of the civilized community to rescue those whose rendezvous with the ovens was fast approaching; and who, one wonders, is asking for action at this level? No doubt Messrs. Cherne et al. would personally endorse such action, but they are confining themselves, quite properly, to the limit of their franchise.

BUT WHERE are the others? For instance, where is Congressman Pete McCloskey, who made a career for months of bewailing the fate of Cambodian refugees forced to resettle as a result of allied bombing? Where is the encephalophonic lead editorial in *The New Yorker* that spoke about how with Mr. Nixon's incursion we had forever ruined the pastoral life of the Cambodians? And—the biggest question of all—where in the name of God is President Jimmy Carter, who elevated human rights to his right side on ascending the throne at the White House? Isn't this the kind of thing we mobilize armies to stop? But even short of that, there are the symbolic gestures. The most obvious of which is for President Carter to order an immediate suspension of all U.S. representation at all human rights commissions unless the subject of Cambodia is placed first on the agenda. We owe a great debt to the International Rescue Committee, if that is the right word for a committee that reminds us how depraved we have been in the light of what has been going on. □

COAL TALK *New York*, Mar. 20—They are saying that President Carter should not have invoked the Taft-Hartley Act. Well, what should he have done? (I'll tell you, but not quite yet.) At this writing the exact terms of the new contract are still secret, but it transpires from the smiles on the faces of all the union personnel that they will have won what they set out to get. When the terms are published, the likely conclusion is that the operators would have saved a lot of time by simply capitulating to the union's demands in the first instance. But meanwhile, what should Mr. Carter have done, faced as he was with a strike that in another thirty days would have put a half-dozen million Americans out of work?

A few observations:

1. The mining of coal in the Appalachian mode is increasingly a cultural activity, not an economic activity. By this I mean that the occupation itself is so arduous, so grimy, so unpleasant, that normal economic inducements don't really work. Don't really work, that is, for white Americans. The phenomenon is very widespread. In Sweden, they need to import Turks to run the assembly lines. The Swedes won't do it. Try to get domestic servants in New York City from the pool of 300,000 unemployed. Algerians are absolutely required to

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operate the grimier parts of the French economy, even as Pakistanis are wonderfully attached to garbage collection in London.

2. So that there was no real bargaining, in the classic sense, in Appalachia. The challenge was to put together a pastiche of social conditions that would persuade American men to go back into those awful shafts and bring up the coal. The perks were what mattered, the health care, the immunities, the special privileges. What Carter was about to discover when the negotiations finally bore fruit was that the mineworkers were not going to obey the courts that told them to go back to work. And the probability was slight that Carter could have got from the courts the kind of disciplinary action imposed on John L. Lewis a generation ago, when for every day's defiance the union was socked a huge sum of money. As a practical matter, it is very difficult to force people to mine coal, and we are not privy to what Mr. Carter intended to do in the likely event he was defied. Under the circumstances, he simply gave us one more contumacy for the disintegrating record of Democratic rectitude.

3. Since we have got to have energy, Mr. Carter ought to have proceeded on two broad fronts, and although he'd have done better to make his statements during the strike, he should certainly make them now. The time has come to recognize that although we have, as they like to put it, a million-year supply or whatever of coal, it is not very useful to us unless we dislodge it. This we can do economically by strip-mining. That there are disadvantages to strip-mining is as obvious as that there are disadvantages to being a homely little girl. We are talking now about priorities. The major coal extraction effort should move westward, the production of coal should cease to be a troglodytic profession; and we'll have to handle the ecological and aesthetic problems in some way or another.

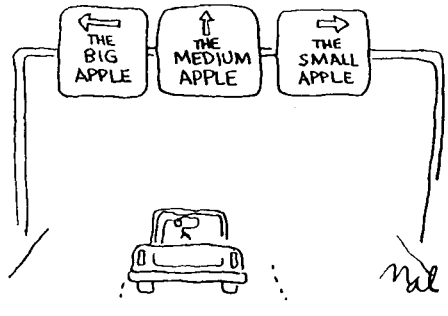
Plus, 4) the President simply needs to revise his attitude toward the development of nuclear power. Fortunately, there is a creeping consensus among scientists that, after all, the thing can be done. In all probability, Canada, and Western Europe, will be showing us the way. But our natural advantages in atomic technology are our greatest single asset; and at a moment when a dollar won't buy you a hot dog in Switzerland and coal miners are asking fifteen bucks an hour, the time has come to open the door to those test tubes and associate ourselves fully with nuclear technology. □

LADIES IN THE FOXHOLES?

New York, Mar. 24—It will not be heard but even so I wish to emit one bleep of protest on the day we are informed that women will be incorporated into the fighting units of the Army, Navy, and Air Force. Oh, it had been coming at us, at exponential speed. It was only a few weeks ago that we saw pictures of young ladies modeling astronauts' suits, full-fledged members of the team that will explore space in the days ahead. Next we read that henceforth women will constitute a part of the military honor guard to be reviewed by visiting chiefs of state. And now, by all reports, they will be piloting fighter planes, jumping out of airplanes with explosives to mine bridges, and otherwise gamboling about the shores of Tripoli, no doubt led by the fierce cries of General Abzug.

Really, the feminists have gone too far. They are seeking to repeal a distinction that is *ex natura*. It isn't sexist—in the sense that offends people who wish to call themselves Ms.—to acknowledge certain organic affinities, and so it should be safe to say that making war is not a woman's job. This must be understood as something different from saying it cannot be *made* a woman's job. It is not to disparage women's potential skill, no doubt equaling a man's, to operate a killer plane, or loose torpedoes at point-blank range, or dodge SAM-10s as adroitly as Baryshnikov. It is to say that these are not skills that a sane society should desire women to cultivate. Because if we do so, something is done not only to the women who have been made gladiators, but to all women and, *a fortiori*, to all men.

"The Germans," Gibbon wrote about the breed that lived almost two thousand years ago, "treated their women with esteem and confidence, consulted them on every occasion of importance, and fondly believed that in their breasts resided a sanctity and wisdom more than human." But he warned of excesses: "Heroines of such a cast may claim our admiration; but they were most assuredly neither lovely, nor very susceptible of love. Whilst they affected to emulate the stern virtues of man, they must have resigned that attractive softness in which principally consists the charm of women."



Are we to take that as an offensive statement? That the charm of women is something that sets them apart from men? And that that charm is a subtle reflection of intricate coordinates, professional and emotional, that at the very least dictate that woman's place is not in a foxhole?

The woman is quite properly idealized. She is expected—at her best—to demonstrate qualities different from those that men—at their best—demonstrate. "So many are the imperfections that attend the loss of virtue in women," Montesquieu observed, "[that] sage legislators of republican states have ever required of women a particular gravity of manner." Montesquieu was no male chauvinist pig, far from it; but his enduring reputation rests on his capacity to make distinctions. "It is contrary to reason and nature that women should reign in families," he said about the Egyptians; "but not that they should govern an empire." Because in doing this, they showed qualities more natural to women than to men, namely "lenity and moderation."

AND, AS ALMOST always, the final word on the subject is aptly Dr. Johnson's, who saw that women must be helped to overcome some of their own inclinations, about the worst that can be said of which is that they are mulishly masculine. "Women have a perpetual envy of our vices" (among which is warmaking); "they are less vicious than we, not from choice, but because we restrict them; they are the slaves of order and fashion; their virtue is of more consequence to us than our own, so far as concerns this world."

How finely targeted! If a republic permits, nay encourages, women to take up any profession, particularly such a profession as encourages the cultivation of aggressiveness, the killer instinct, ruthlessness, we are abandoning those forms—order and fashion—that have defended the venerable distinctions. By abandoning them, we suffer not only the awful consequences of the masculinization of the woman. We suffer the consequences of: abandoning the forms themselves. We jettison our traditions, abandon those *freins vitaux* (Babbitt's "vital brakes") against sheer licentiousness of conduct. Against the resulting distempers, Hamilton warned us in *The Federalist* papers, there is no constitutional protection. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DIRECTIONS

A. Trivial nonsense — 123 3 137 97 82 27

B. A game played with 64 cards — 80 112 87 15 10 88 94

C. Not qualified — 11 146 131 34 46 101 125 56

D. An angry city? — 28 117 65 116 134 104 50 32 109

E. What Adam C. Powell was — 36 85 128 120 135 62 39 2 47

F. What smokers have to show for their money — 60 4 19 77 57

G. An estuary of the Hudson — 52 16 24 30 105 111 1 140 7 66

H. Collective — 63 138 89 99 20 110 5 37 81

I. An American poet (1902-1971) — 17 58 61 71

J. His name is perpetuated in a certain poisonous alkaloid — 78 54 40 108 147

K. (with WORD L) Four words of a song written in 1894 and very popular in 1928 — 106 8 114 21 92 100 69 41

L. See WORD K — 18 42 113 70 76 102 130 118

M. How often *The World Almanac* appears — 59 129 67 133 136 64

N. He wrote short stories about a large city — 98 22 75 55 142 31

O. Another name for Staten Island — 6 29 35 51 144 91 68 48

P. A Yankee outfielder for 11 years — 96 145 9 43 23 72

Q. Unscramble PALACE HIT and get something that has to do with movies — 107 95 53 73 126 33 119 25 12

R. Forces a fluid into for medical purposes — 115 143 49 44 74 79 13

S. A predecessor of the national pastime — 90 139 38 103 86 127 83 121

T. Unscramble CHEAP TROY and get something Buckley uses — 122 84 45 26 14 124 132 93 141

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 484 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 G	2 E		3 A	4 F		5 H		6 O	7 G	8 K	9 P
	10 B	11 C	12 Q	13 R	14 T	15 B	16 G	17 I		18 L	19 F	20 H	21 K
22 N	23 P	24 G		25 Q	26 T	27 A		28 D	29 O	30 G	31 N		32 D
33 Q	34 C	35 O	36 E		37 H	38 S	39 E	40 J	41 K		42 L	43 P	44 R
45 T	46 C	47 E	48 O		49 R	50 D	51 O	52 G		53 Q	54 J	55 N	56 C
57 F	58 I	59 M		60 F	61 I		62 E	63 H	64 M	65 D	66 G		67 M
68 O	69 K		70 L	71 I	72 P	73 Q	74 R	75 N		76 L	77 F	78 J	79 R
	80 B	81 H	82 A	83 S	84 T		85 E	86 S	87 B	88 B	89 H		90 S
91 O		92 K	93 T	94 B	95 Q	96 P		97 A	98 N	99 H		100K	101C
	102L	103S		104D	105G	106K		107Q	108J	109D	110H	111G	112B
113L	114K		115R	116D		117D	118L	119Q	120E	121S	122T		123A
124T	125C	126Q	127S	128E	129M	130L		131C	132T	133M		134D	135E
136M	137A	138H	139S	140G	141T	142N	143R	144O	145P	146C	147J		

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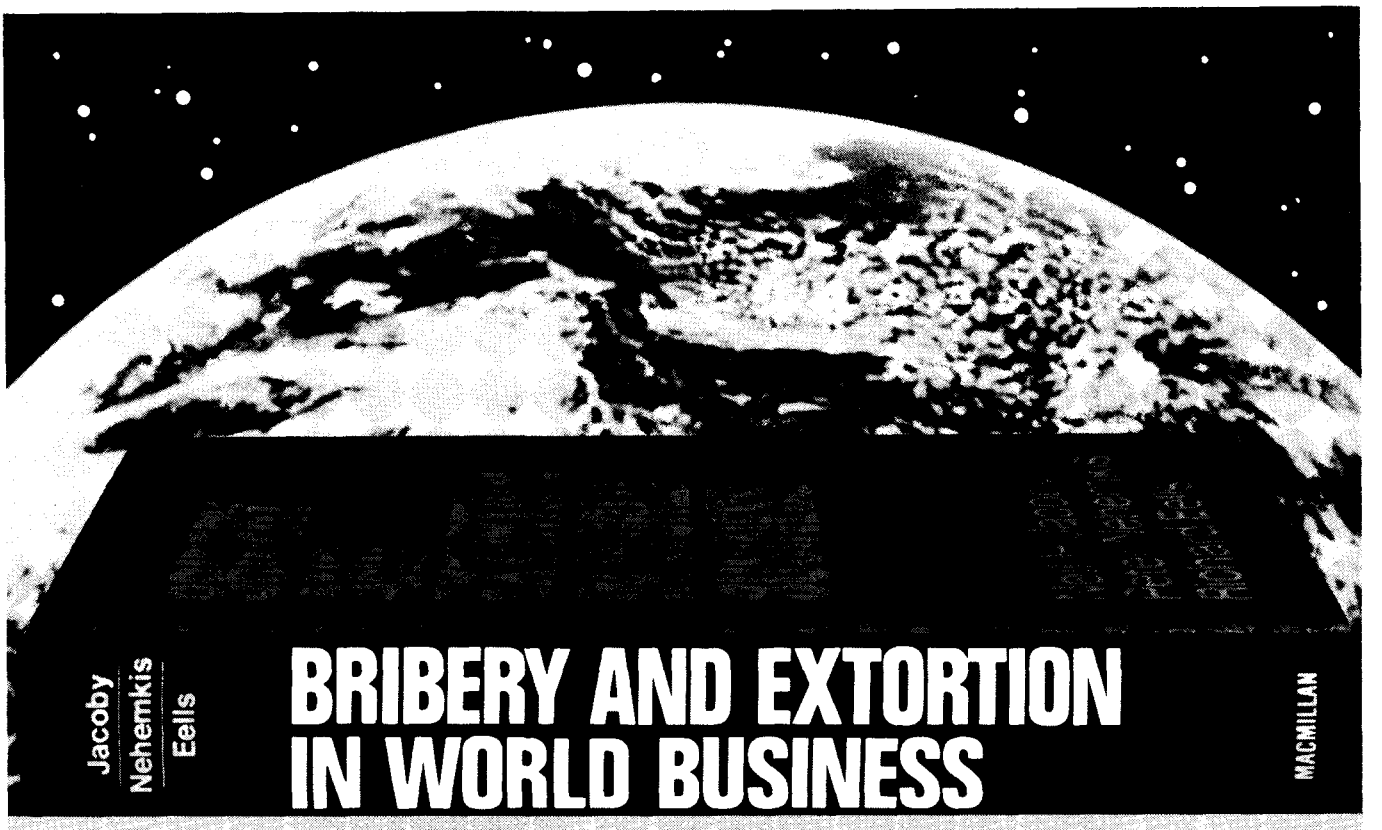

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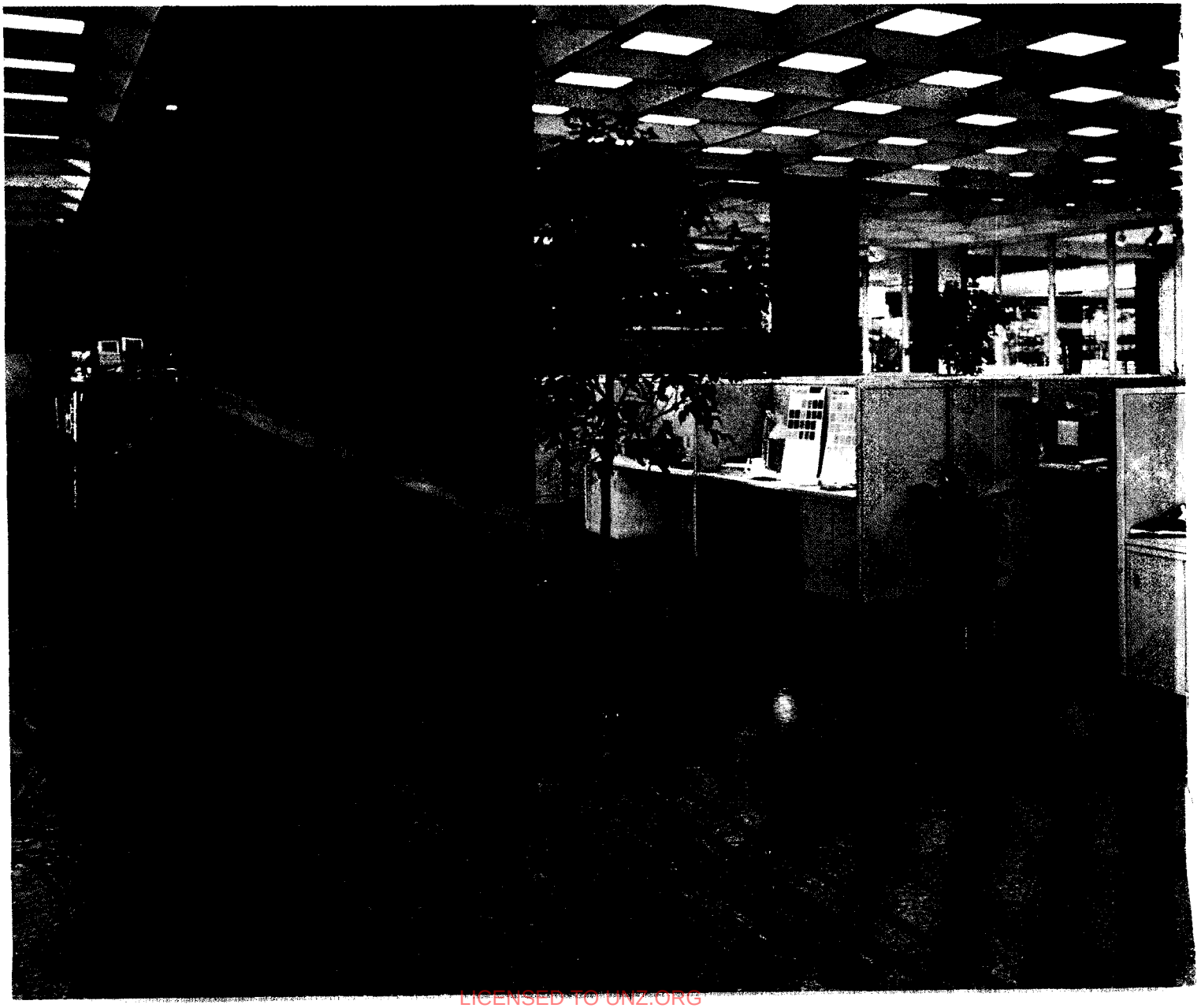

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Put yourself in your tenants' shoes, and what you'd want underfoot is something at adds a special beauty to the established character of your building.

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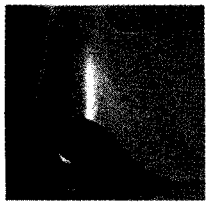
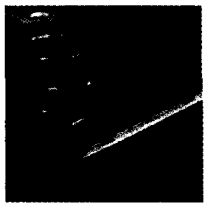
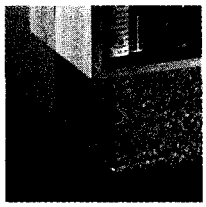


Inlaid pattern and color extend through the wear layer



Brigantine's vinyl composition makes spills easy to clean up

Flash coving like this helps eliminate places where dirt can hide



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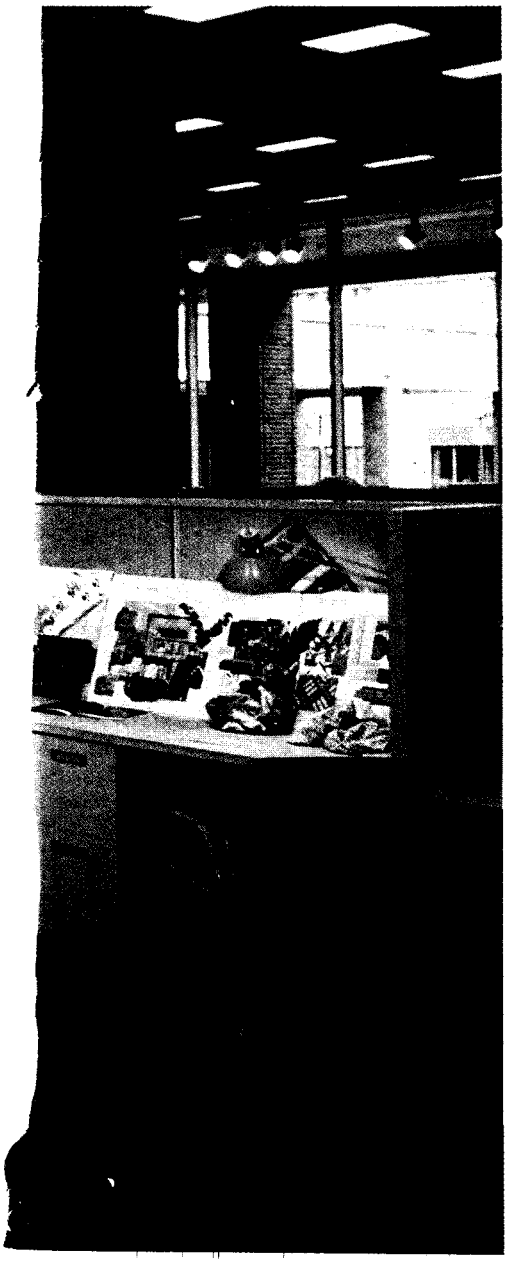

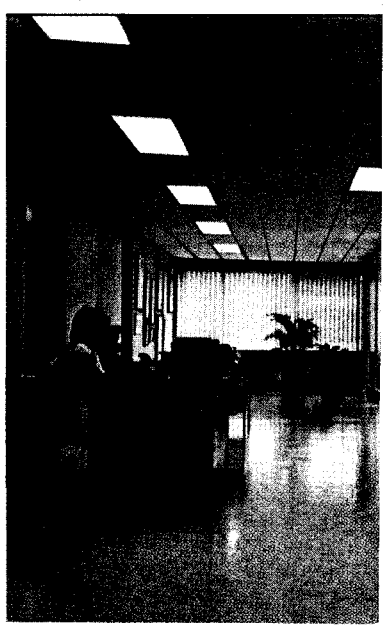

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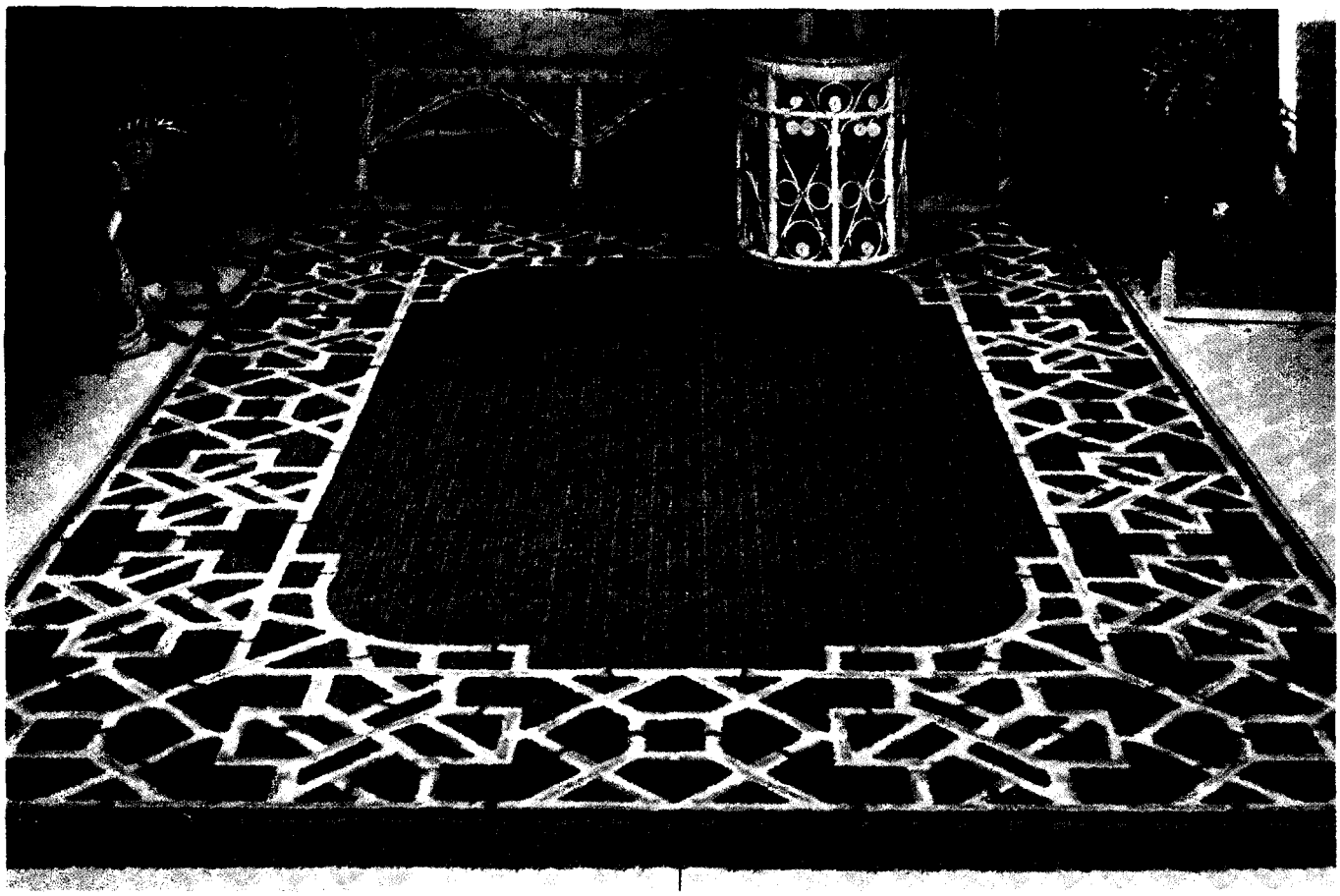

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